THE COMMONWEAL

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PASSING THE PIPE

AN ANCIENT adage and a venerable institution have confronted each other somewhat doubtfully in Washington. We have all subscribed to the truth of the first—that where smoke exists, there must also be fire. But does this apply to the pipe of peace? The alacrity with which this has been passed round during recent years surpasses anything in Huron or Sioux records. Yet what does it mean? Addressing the International Chamber of Commerce, President Hoover summed up the actual situation pretty well by saying: everybody has signed the Kellogg Pact, which is about as big a supply of tobacco as has ever gone into the briar of peace, but everybody has nevertheless been getting ready for war at a cost which exceeds by 70 percent the annual pre-war figure. And since many of our present economic and social worries plainly date back to the recent four-year disturbance, it would seem as if the world has grown at least three-fourths less wise than it was before.

One may question the pertinence of Mr. Hoover's remarks. Indeed we feel they were distinguished by a modicum of artful dodging rather than by any marked originality or appropriateness. Even so, they brought to the fore sentiments which undoubtedly control a great part of such American public opinion as now concerns itself with foreign policies, and which are not sufficiently appreciated abroad. The United States, largely as a result of disillusionment, has become a pacifistic nation. When more than twelve thousand clergymen of various Protestant denominations are willing to go on record as believing the churches should refuse to sanction or support any new war, the indications are, momentarily at least, that anti-conflict feeling is thriving where anti-alcohol feeling used to. Secondly, large sections of the public are either convinced, or would like to be convinced, that moneys now remitted to the debtor European nations would simply go into gas masks and bombing planes.

There is more than a little sense in these opinions. Nevertheless, the point raised by the President does call for some scrutiny. First, the 70 percent increase is not so alarming as it may seem, when one bears in mind that armies are now sometimes professional rather than conscript (as in the case of Germany), that equipment and defenses now cost vastly more (vide the development of air forces), and that there are now a larger number of nations and therefore more military organizations. Secondly, it is not true that

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the profession of arms is necessarily an economic loss. If it were, how explain the circumstance that the French, who have the best land force on earth, are grown so rich and so little bothered with unemployment? Finally, the assistance given by the United States in helping small, intensely nationalistic nations to be born cannot now be written off as a grievance. The principle of self-determination may have had effects which Mr. Wilson did not foresee, but it can hardly have any effects for which he was not partly responsible.

In other words, the contact between the United States and Europe on the topic of disarmament is not so good as it might be. Our desires are not accurately estimated abroad, where it is often felt that we as a nation are interested solely in the stability of our investments and not in coöperation. Americans, for their part, are far too prone to ignore the almost insurmountable difficulties which now confront Continental statesmen of good-will. These misunderstandings are, perhaps, the result of more than a decade of mutual stand-offishness and futile idealism. Take, for instance, the crucial problem of minorities, again drawn to our attention by the protest of Professor Einstein against the murder of Dr. Soufflay, Croatian savant and patriot, in Jugoslavia. Intelligent Europeans have worked unbelievably hard during the past twelve years to pour some oil on this greatest of fires, enkindled as we all know by Washington and fanned into a blaze by the Treaty of Versailles. What have we to say to Europe now on this topic? What contribution have we made, apart from a few windy speeches and some futile investigations, toward an answer? Nor is tossing over a wet blanket in the shape of an appeal for disarmament a very constructive action.

Now it is the great and perilous achievement of the Russians to have suggested an idea to millions of unsettled and imperiled peoples. The Soviet chieftains have no stake in Europe—no $24,300,000,000 in debts, loans and properties. They can even venture to create a panic among agrarian populations to the west by selling off huge cargoes of grain for little or nothing. Yet they have enthusiastic bodies of supporters in all countries, amounting in some instances to a quarter of the voting citizenry. What by comparison is the status of the United States? As individuals American are still liked and even admired, as a people they are appreciated for their ability to stop at good hotels and buy up tickets at Baireuth and Oberammergau. But as a nation which is the chief extant exponent of capitalism (for the French are not capitalists but simply thrifty folk), we are rapidly losing ground. Somebody suggested the other day that our capitalism was still in its infancy. Well, granted the present rate of progress for another twelve years, the infant may be sicker than we imagine with whatever is the capitalistic equivalent of measles and whooping-cough. The pipe has been passed round, passed round, passed round. Has somebody forgotten the tobacco?

WEEK BY WEEK

NOBODY can accuse the International Chamber of Commerce of failure to choose exciting themes. At a time when the depression is tempting millions to socialize their concepts of business activity, many of those who spoke emphasized the salutary doctrine that economic planning is not a haphazard product of nature or of human desire. Inevitably the final resolutions adopted revealed the dissonance existing between official American and official European points of view. When the Chamber voted for the integrity of international obligations but held this principle "not inconsistent with an impartial examination of the effects of these obligations," it was, of course, reflecting a point of view inseparable from British and German statesmanship. For a country as capital-hungry as the Reich, some more favorable adjustment of reparation moneys is as anxiously coveted as ever an Alaskan prospector hunted for gold. The tariff issue is equally acute though broader in scope. It is the havoc wrought by swift upward revision of schedules that leads many forms of European industry to view relationships with the United States in a mood akin to despair. Many feel that if new economic agreements between such nations as France and Germany are part of the order of the day, nicer adjustments between the European and the American markets ought not to be impossible. Nevertheless the territory occupied by such problems is so poorly mapped out and so difficult to maneuver in, that the practical value of the Chamber's resolutions is probably negligible for the moment.

The World's Business

OF VERY real moment are diverse theoretical considerations advanced by business leaders. Mr. Gerard Swope struck one nail squarely when he observed that while great industries map out production programs far in advance, they give no such attention to the workers they employ. Continuity and regularity of employment really are, as he said, matters as important as working conditions. As long as they are not carefully charted, the industrial population must be the victim of violent changes in employment weather. Mr. Swope's was a fine address, less brilliant than sound and obviously reasonable. Similarly the attention given by Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. Melvin A. Traylor to the influence of speculation upon productive activity is worthy of applause. One supposes that virtually every good economist now realizes that the way in which the investment craze of 1928 and 1929 was handled, especially in the United States, had very much to do with the origins of our present economic paralysis. While not all of Mr. Traylor's specific suggestions can hope to meet with wide favor, his critique of the available "leadership" is as sound as anything which has recently come from practical-minded Chicago. Long ago we argued that a government interested in the well-being of its citizens ought itself to take some steps to safe-

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guard the public not only against obvious stock frauds but also against "the high-powered salesmanship and the inborn desire to gamble for big profits" at which Mr. Traylor points a finger of reproach. Statistics avail us little here, but there must be a hundred thousand people in the United States who received wretchedly poor guidance from institutions and persons who they had a right to suppose might know something about investing money.

Martial Law in Spain

"THEIR target was the great stone cross over the main entrance to the church and whenever a missile struck it the crowd cheered hysterically." So reports the Associated Press correspondent in Madrid, concerning the destruction by a mob of the Jesuit and Carmelite churches and monasteries, while as the flames raged "neither firemen, police, nor civil guards made any effort to check the fire." Jesuits and Carmelites—Saint Ignatius and Saint Teresa—two of the greatest glories of Spain, and now they are the first objects of attack as the Communists begin actively that campaign of terrorism which, of course, was only to be expected. The provisional government, of Spain, at least, blames the outbreak on the Communists, and the appearance on the streets of Communist agitators wearing red arm-bands was reported by the Associated Press. But no active efforts were made by the government to prevent the outrages which on May 11 resulted in the destruction of four Catholic institutions and violent attacks on many others. The troops were "ready in their barracks," a decree of martial law was promulgated, and the Republican Cabinet issued a declaration that it would "maintain the republic by force if necessary." But not even a showing of force was put forth to save the endangered lives of the priests and nuns, or the sacred edifices which were assaulted under every circumstance of mob brutality. Two hundred Jesuits escaped from their house as it was set on fire. It would be premature to say that these events foreshadow worse excesses; nevertheless, it well may be that the rejoicings over the peaceful success of the revolution in Spain were also premature. Certainly, the evident lack of control of the situation displayed by the government is an ominous incident. That the Communists will show more vigor in creating trouble may also be taken for granted. That is their business and they are experts at it. This first blow was as frank as possible. Their target is the Cross.

Humanizing the Stadium

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY'S new plan for the regulation of intercollegiate sports arrests attention. With no problem has Dr. Butler been more deeply concerned. The institution entrusted to his care is, perhaps, characterized in particular by the distinctions between it and such "campus" universities as Harvard, Princeton and Notre Dame. These last form more or less self-inclosed communities inside which athletic games may have a function similar to that of the theatre or of Lindbergh's coming to town in a metropolis. Columbia, inextricably bound up with the life of New York, must seek to carry through unilateral academic activity and to ban anything not consonant with the purposes and standards of that activity. It was not difficult to see that sports, with their special financing and their emphasis upon gate receipts, hardly squared with the rest of Dr. Butler's principles. The new plan therefore offers at least three remedial suggestions: direction is centralized, in the hope of making physical education the dominant note; financial expenditures for athletics are to be brought "into harmony with the general scale of salaries and expenditures prevailing throughout the university"; endowments will be secured for sport as well as for historical research and similar activities. The theoretical merits are obvious, but the evidence of practical experience remains to be considered. Meanwhile it is heartening to note that here is no fanatical, one-sided idea of "abolishing" games, but instead a well-reasoned scheme for making the stadium a place for college boys and girls.

Intimations of Catholicity

WE HAVE frequently been pleasantly struck by the fact that priests and hierarchy have such a splendid balance, by and large, between the convictions of their faith and the charity of humility. The line between is perilously narrow and their success is of course a special grace. Equally we have often marveled at the true catholicity of the Church, not only in that it embraces peoples of all lands, but also in the social catholicity of the laymen and the range of human and superhuman differences of the orders, from the most ascetic contemplative orders, through the great variety of teaching, and scholarly, and charitable orders, members of which are wordly in a constructive and contributive sense. News of the recent appointment of His Excellency, Peter Kierkels, C.P., Apostolic Delegate to the East Indies, makes us think of a very Catholic man, reared in a benevolent internationalism in the love and service of God which the Catholic Church has a peculiar opportunity to give its sons.

HE WAS born in Holland, received his education from the Passionist order in Belgium, in Rome and in Holland. After his ordination his superiors sent him to Bethany, in Palestine. Subsequently he returned to Rome, where after years of teaching in the Passionist International House of Studies, he was in 1914 elected secretary-general of the order. The further steps in this education of a Catholic are described as follows by the Bengalese News Service: "He accompanied the superior general, Father Silvius, C.P., on a canonical visitation of the English province during the World War. At the general chapter in 1920 he was elected procurator general. He accompanied Father Silvius on the canonical visitation of the American and Australian provinces. In 1923 he returned to the United

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States to preside at the provincial chapter in this country. At the general chapter of 1925 he was elected superior general of the congregation, in which capacity he visited every province of the order including Australia and South America. He was a consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Religious and of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. On various occasions he was sent by the Holy See on apostolic visitations to religious communities. The delegate speaks English, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German and Dutch, fluently."

AUTHORITIES are of different minds on the subject of Finland's new beer. It will be remembered that this country, where prohibition reigned and liquor abounded, decided not long ago to increase the kick in its brew to 2.25 percent. At the same time a law was passed ordaining that intoxicated persons would not be jailed unless they indulged in open and flagrant whooping. Both ordinances delighted the public to such an extent that the market for the new beverage was the briskest noticed anywhere since a year ago last November. But how was the beer? The question is of grave importance to all who believe that the way out of drought difficulties in the United States lies in the same direction. Obviously it will profit little to provide a drink at which the people will turn up their sundry noses. Now in Finland enthusiastic persons were heard comparing the new brew to the famed products of Pilsen, Munich, Bamberg, St. Pölten and other illustrious centers. Others, however, were as vocal in their dissatisfaction as was Rip van Winkle over the order of things to which he awakened. The revisionists were bidden to remember, we read, that beers of this strength are palatable only if consumed near or at the places where they are produced. Unless coaxed along with another generous donation of alcohol, shipment will gravely impair their virtue. Such a point is of possibly minor importance in a small country like Finland. But the revisionists in the United States should bear in mind how far most of us are from Milwaukee and make due allowances. After all though, it would doubtless take 2.25 percent beer brewed there a long time to get as far as thirsty Gotham.

Foam in Finland

"IF IT is true, as certain mystics affirm, that on this plane all is an illusion of the senses, still to consecrate oneself to beautify this illusion, to express the sensations, delicate and serene, which would permit us to believe in a happy reality, this is a beautiful ideal for humanity," writes Leon Dabo in the foreword to the catalog of his show at the Ferargil Galleries, New York. And in his paintings one sees his service to what he believes. He has believed in beauty, he has seen beauty and he has created beauty. He has not been led astray by the intellectual pride of thinking that he would set down only the truth, that he would state unvarnished realities, and thereupon turned his back on beauty as though it were not one of the realities, or on subtlety and nuance as though they were not reality. He does not share the popular misconception, that to make blunt statements is to say the truth. Dabo is in a line; he is classifiable. He was a student under Whistler, John La Farge and Puvis de Chavannes, and shows no violent signs of revolting from being classified with such good company. Yet he has unmistakable individuality, sensitiveness to color and depth. His work, like all things with depth, has also the quality of calm. What qualities to have recalled, to live with—beauty, depth and calm! Though he has exhibited extensively abroad, and his work is in over thirty museums here and abroad, this is his first one-man show in ten years. A native of Detroit, he came to New York to study art at the age of sixteen. His first commission was murals for St. John's Church, Brooklyn. Recently he gave a series of lectures at the Art Institute of Chicago.

Painter and Mystic

WE HAVE always been sincerely interested in the Jew, and sincerely desirous to coöperate with him in effecting a mutual understanding which shall give a real and enduring harmony to Jewish-Gentile relations. It is entirely in this spirit that we approach the utterances of Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein, of the liberal synagogue of Rochester, New York, to which the current *Harper's* accords space and prominence. We cannot begin to deal adequately in these two paragraphs with all of Rabbi Bernstein's arguments as to the causes of anti-Semitism, but his most emphasized point is one which is urged so often, and which is based upon so capital a mistake, that we will undertake a clear and immediate answer to it here. Rabbi Bernstein alleges that the very history of the Crucifixion, as related in the Gospels, entails hatred of the Jews; that it is impossible for a child to master this narrative, as he is required to do in any Christian Sunday School, and not emerge with an active detestation of the villains of the piece; and that from this detestation spring most of the economic injustices and social crimes of anti-Semitism. In arguing on this much of the evidence, Rabbi Bernstein is all the more in error for being absolutely logical; logic always goes in a straight line, only if it starts from an incomplete premise, it goes straight in the wrong direction.

We Are Not Taught to Hate

WHAT Rabbi Bernstein has not even remotely taken into account is that orthodox Christianity—whose norm is Catholicism, which term we will employ—is not merely, or chiefly, a historical exercise. It is mystical and personal. It exists, not as a record in a book, but as a mode of individual salvation. The Catholic child is not taught to hate the Jews when he looks at a crucifix; that idea is monstrous. He is taught to beat his own breast and accuse himself as, in essence, the sole culprit. The prime meaning of his Crucified

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Saviour to him is that *he* was that Saviour's executioner—that *he* sold his Lord and betrayed Him to death, *he* plaited the thorns and wielded the thongs, *he* laid the cross on the Divine shoulders and drove the nails into the Divine hands and feet. This is borne out explicitly in prayer after prayer; but, more, it is the burden of the whole implicit teaching of the Church. The reconciliation of this mystical doctrine with the temporal actuality of the Gospel account (whose authenticity, incidentally, Rabbi Bernstein simply denies) is the business of theology. Rabbi Bernstein might find in the literature certain technical perplexities, but he will search it in vain for a doctrine of hate. It is, unfortunately, likely enough that mediaeval anti-Semitism, considered not as a philosophy but as an active social phenomenon, had, as one of its several constituents, a vivid dramatic resentment against the historic "villains of the piece," such as Rabbi Bernstein describes. Speaking, however, for that same present which engages him, we affirm that we can find no token of it at all, either in our own memories of Catholic childhood, or upon inquiry among others. We make this affirmation very deliberately, for the point has long been of interest to us and we have often discussed it with our fellow Catholics.

Catholic Physicians Unite

WITH such nationally well-known medical authorities as Dr. Edward L. Keyes and Dr. James J. Walsh leading the discussion that concluded the organization meeting of the Catholic Physicians Guild of Manhattan, that group reported that more than four hundred members are already enrolled, and it is hoped that the movement will continue till it expands into a national guild. Brooklyn and the Bronx have already formed units of their own. Dr. Edward Roberts Moore, whose articles on birth control in our pages have elicited such wide attention, was designated spiritual moderator of the guild, and said that Cardinal Hayes foresaw a wide field as well as a deep need for the activities of such a group. Dr. Anthony Hassler was elected president; Dr. Joseph A. Dillon, vice-president; and Dr. James Francis Power, treasurer. In his address, Dr. Hassler admirably summarized the purpose of the guild:

"TO CONSTITUTE a brotherhood of all members of the medical profession, to provide mutual assistance in their religious and professional lives, to facilitate intercourse between them and members of the cognate branches and the clergy and others who are interested in the study and discussions of medico-religious questions and those touching on the science of duty and ethics, to investigate the relations of medical theory and practice to Catholic theology and philosophy, to uphold the principles of Catholic faith and morality against an un-Christian and unscientific materialism, to render such assistance to Catholic medical institutions and missions as may be practicable and in general to promote among Catholic members of the profession such solidarity as may be advantageous to both their religion and profession."

Animal Actors

THE RECENT attack on a school child by a lion which had been brought into the schoolroom to be put through its paces, carries its own lesson. Even the trainer of that particular lion probably realizes now that it is dangerous to constrain so ferocious a creature to tricks alien to it; which should produce, incidentally, the humane consequence of hereafter letting it alone. There are other animals, however, whose protest is less terrifying, and they, presumably, will continue to be tormented for the edification of that witless section of the public which enjoys such things. We do not speak of animal acts in vaudeville, for there is at least a case for believing that these performers are "educated" above the level of their non-professional kindred, and really enjoy their work. We refer to the dogs and cats and monkeys which are dressed up as human beings and put through the torture of "acting" in two-reel comedies on the screen, or "posing" for the photographs which adorn the rotogravure sections of the newspapers. It is not only the cruelty of the business that disgusts us, though the cruelty is patent. It is the dull satiety, the debasement of the humorous sense, the stupid indecency, behind the public's support of it. Censors though we are not, the titters that sweep over an audience at chimpanzees mowing through "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" or dogs mincing erect through "He Ain't Done Right by Our Nell" make us feel what a really savage pleasure it would be to interdict the spectacle.

AMERICAN MOTHERS LAST

MOTHER'S DAY, like Mammy singing, has long been under suspicion of involving perhaps ignoble commercialization of a natural sentiment, or at least a kind of sentimental corruption of it. Mother love is universal, and does not date from 1907 when Mother's Day—of course, with the best motives in the world—was first instituted. It is not signalized, a great many of us think, by wearing a carnation and sending candy on one particular day of the year, but by heeding the Fourth Commandment day in and day out, with all the occasional ardors of springtides of affection and the endurances inevitable in intimate human relations. A mother's love involves a most heroic and sustained facing of danger, it involves a sharp practical specification, and thereby limitation, of the boundless hopes of youth, and it involves a most self-sacrificing drudgery. The symbols celebrating all this appeared by proportion a little superficial, a little too easy a gesture, so facile and trifling that somehow they seemed to defeat their very purpose.

This year marked the beginning of what we earnestly believe is a far more appropriate manner of celebrat-

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ing the day. It involves a facing of realities, which is of course the distinction between sentiment and sentimentality. This has an intrinsic appropriateness, because if there is one thing more than another that mother love demands, it is a facing of realities. This is its strength, its glory and its contribution to human dignity. So a beginning has been made with dedicating Mother's Day to a serious consideration of the perils of motherhood, and facts have been reëmphasized which are almost shamed by carnations and candy.

These facts are that our country, so remarkable in its development of the means for producing material things, stands twenty-second—practically at the bottom—among civilized countries in the number per thousand of its mothers who die in childbirth; and that 10,000 of the 16,000 mothers who die annually, if given proper care, *need not die*. Each year, 10,000 American women are allowed to perish for lack of proper care. If this care were provided, it is further estimated that not only would the mothers be saved, but in addition, 30,000 of the 100,000 babies who now die in the first month of life, would live. Dr. Louis I. Dublin, internationally known statistical expert of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who prepared the above estimates on the basis of the records of the Maternity Center Association, concludes: "There is nothing peculiar to the civilization of the United States to account for the fact that our maternal death rate is more than twice that of such countries as Denmark and the Netherlands. . . . We have allowed things to go on with indifference to the waste of lives of mothers and babies. The situation cries to high heaven for a remedy." It is further amazing to note that besides those nations that Dr. Dublin mentions, five others, Italy, Japan, Hungary, Uruguay and Finland, have maternal death rates *less than half* that of the United States.

Specifically, to mention only some of the nations which take better care of their mothers than does the United States, the death rate of mothers per 1,000 births in Italy is 2.6, in Japan 2.8, the Netherlands 2.9, Hungary 3.0, Spain 3.9, England and Wales 4.1, Irish Free State 4.5, Northern Ireland 4.8, Canada 5.6, Scotland 6.4 and the United States 6.5.

That this high death rate of mothers in our country can be controlled, has been proven by the work of the Maternity Center Association of New York which has sponsored the new conception of Mother's Day. This organization, among the mothers to whom it gave its assistance, reduced the death rate to 2.2 per thousand live births as against the 6.5 in the country as a whole. To accomplish this, skilled care from the very first intimation of pregnancy until the baby is at least six weeks old, is what is needed. Besides the saving of the mothers' lives, still-births were 42 percent lower among the women receiving the intensive care of the Maternity Center than in the rest of the district, and infant deaths in the first month of life were reduced in the same circumstances 32 percent.

According to the American Child Health Association, also of New York, the greatest loss of life occurs among the great bulk of the people who are neither wealthy nor extremely poor. It is the women in this class who do not receive adequate prenatal, natal and postnatal care. As Dr. LeRoy A. Wilkes, director of the Medical Service of the Association, points out: "The wealthy who can pay for what they want and a certain number of the very poor who are cared for by charity get excellent service. Among these women the death rate compares favorably with the rate in other countries. What is needed today is provision for all the other women who cannot afford adequate service. Two major steps are necessary: first, for the women themselves and their husbands to realize that adequate maternity service is necessary and, second, that they should demand it. Demand creates supply. The nation can well afford to subsidize the births of its children."

For ourselves, we may interpret this last suggestion to mean other than anything approaching the nationalization of mothers and babies, or any of the various forms of Socialism. We can well interpret the doctor's suggestion that the nation can afford to subsidize the births of its children, in the spirit of Leo XIII's philosophy of social justice.

A curious paradox in modern times enters here, however. The laborer who is in fact receiving the means for a decent life, if he husbanded his means with discretion, is beset by all the seductions thrown in his path by modern industry, through advertising and other highly developed and subtle and technical methods, which tempt him into the possession of unnecessary material things which absorb his time, his energy, his resources. The literally vicious circle of industry seeking the sales of the products of its machines and the absorbing of them by the great masses of the people beyond their physical and financial strength of absorption, has surely helped to create the present disturbed state, not only of the country, but of the world. Certainly for a nation as progressive in so many ways as the United States, to permit the great sacrifice of its mothers—10,000 a year who might be saved—indicates the need for a radical realignment of what the people of that nation consider the worth-while things in life.

For their effective efforts, the workers of the Maternity Center Association are heartily to be congratulated. When so many forces are at work to destroy mothers, to destroy children and the race—effectively destroying the fundamental faith in the dignity of the individual soul and the worth-whileness of life—we may all well remember daily our duties to the bravery and patient tenderness of motherhood. These are not platitudes and generalities, as the cynical would have us believe. They are the fundamentals that alone will save us from the hardness, ugliness and confusion so obviously threatening our times, and that alone will insure their opposites.

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SOCIALIST HOUSING IN VIENNA

By EUGEN M. KOGON

How the rest of the world lives remains a matter of not inconsiderable interest. As Dr. Kogon shows in the following paper, it was for a time difficult for the Viennese to live at all—so bad was the housing situation and so ineffective were the suggestions made to reform it. What has been done since is an achievement having political and economic implications of unusual significance. The great "apartment blocks" at Heiligenstadt and Erdberg are among the most impressive of Socialist experiments as well as among the most immediately effective of political instruments.—The Editors.

VIENNA was called in times before the war a city of palaces. This princely splendor, however, made it all too easy to overlook the fact that about 75 percent of the Viennese dwelt in small apartments (one room and kitchen), 953 per 1,000 of which had no plumbing, and 921 per 1,000 had not even toilet facilities of their own. Such a midget apartment cost 30 gold crowns (the Austrian pre-war gold crown was worth about $.20) or $6.00 a month.

The war, the Peace of St. Germain, by which the capital of an empire of 54,000,000 population was turned into a burden for a small republic of 6,500,000 inhabitants of whom 1,850,000 are living today in Vienna alone, and the depreciation of the currency produced a complete change in living conditions. The population, impoverished and bankrupt, was radicalized to a very great extent. In Vienna, the Social-Democrats won absolute power, having two aldermen more than two-thirds of the City Council.

The housing shortage was one of the most urgent problems confronting the city. As everywhere else, the legal protection of tenants was introduced in Vienna too. Whereas, however, in the course of time, these protective measures have been more and more done away with in all other countries, they have been unrestrictedly preserved in Austria. Because of a grave negligence of the bourgeoisie, the Austrian Marxists were enabled to link up the cause of tenant protection and tenement building policy closely with their Socialist game.

The landlords were placed on the same plane with the owners of state bonds: they receive 5 percent on half of the pre-war value of their realties but in depreciated paper crowns (1 gold crown = 14,400 paper crowns = 1.44 shillings; the Austrian shilling is equivalent to about $.14).

Thus, one pays in Vienna for an apartment consisting of one and one-half rooms and kitchen, 57.33 shillings rent a year; for two rooms, foyer, servant's room, kitchen and bath, 124.86 shillings a year; for four living-rooms with all the preceding accommodations, 272.52 shillings a year. In this manner, the landlords who are compelled to make all the necessary repairs were not legally but in fact divested of their properties. At the same time, it must be mentioned that the mortgages also remained at pre-war figures so that the landlords are free of their former burdens of debts. As the prices of houses sank to less than one-tenth of the pre-war prices, about half of the houses in Vienna have changed hands since the end of the war. A great many of them passed over into the ownership of speculating foreigners, especially from the Balkans, who are now hopefully waiting for an increase in the rents. Advertisements like the following are not infrequent in Viennese newspapers: "Foreign syndicate is willing to buy one hundred to two hundred apartment houses. Send offers to . . . "

The city of Vienna seized from 1919 to 1925, 44,338 rooms not absolutely needed by their tenants and distributed them among those in need of apartments; the right of seizure was, however, abrogated on December 31, 1925, by the National Council in which the Socialists were not in the majority. Thereafter, tenants who moved out but were protected by the law against an increase of rent, demanded of their successors a so-called "concession" which was usually shared by the departing tenant, who in turn must pay a similar "concession" for his new apartment, and by the landlord. This "concession" is not infrequently as high as 10,000 to 15,000 shillings; for a one room and kitchen apartment it usually amounts to 1,000 shillings. It is true that the "concession," being unethical, is not legal; but it is demanded of everyone. To offset this, the incoming tenant pays a quite insignificant rent.

But this is not the only disadvantage by which apartment hunters are handicapped. In all the new buildings which are not subject to the Tenant Protective Law, rents are exceedingly high: a four-room apartment with bath is very seldom less than 300 shillings a month, although new buildings are tax-free for years. Thus, the tenant living in an old building subject to the Protective Law pays less for a year than a tenant in a new building does for a month. The rent of an apartment in a new tenement would almost entirely swallow the average monthly earnings of an Austrian laborer (200 shillings). As a matter of course, the situation of the business man is very favorable under the Protective Law; he often has the largest, finest and most desirable locations for next to nothing.

In order to remedy the scarcity of apartments and at the same time to strengthen its own position, the Socialist city government decided to build tenements by the wholesale after the abrogation of the requisition of apartments. It had built 7,259 apartments from 1919 to 1923. The means of carrying out the huge building program were acquired by a new tenement building tax which is scaled as follows: one room and kitchen (aver-

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age laborer's apartment; pre-war rent 360 crowns a year) have a tenement tax of 0.90 shilling a month; one and a half rooms and kitchen (better laborer's or small clerk's apartment; pre-war rent 600 crowns a year), 1.50 shillings tax a month; two living-rooms, foyer, kitchen, bath and servant's room (middle-class apartment; pre-war rent 1,200 crowns), 3.50 shillings tax a month; five-room apartment, bath, etc. (pre-war rent 2,400 crowns a year), 9 shillings tax a month; villa (pre-war rent 8,500 crowns a year), 100 shillings tax a month; palace (pre-war rent 100,000 crowns a year), 4,000 shillings monthly tenement tax. Stores and shops pay considerably less tax. The tenement building tax on apartments and stores yields 3,000,000 shillings a month altogether. The small apartments, about 80 percent of all, pay only 22 percent of the total tax; on the other hand, the most expensive apartments, about ½ percent of all, pay more than 45 percent of the total tax. The eighty-nine most expensive places in Vienna yield a tenement tax of over four million a year i.e., exactly as much as 350,000 laborer apartments.

The revenue from the tax serves exclusively for the erection of city buildings and for the payment of interest on a $30,000,000 loan contracted in 1927 for tenement building purposes. The new buildings are chiefly determined by political considerations. Although the city owns already more than one-third of the total area of Vienna, it nevertheless builds as few as possible one-family houses and settlements in the outskirts but as many as possible tall buildings. Experience has taught that laborers who have houses and gardens of their own make poor members of the Socialist party; whereas, in the tenement buildings in which occasionally as many as ten thousand people live together, as for instance in the city settlements, Sandleiten and Heiligenstadt, proletarianism will be perpetuated. He who wishes to build a home of his own must pay for the building permit 3½ percent of the price of the lot reduced to one-sixth of its pre-war value and must pay 12 to 15 shillings interest a month; moreover, he has to render gratuitous work equivalent to 15 percent of the building costs. Despite all these sacrifices, the house will revert to the possession of the city after 1960. In practice, this means barring the building of private homes. Indeed, up till now only three laborers' settlements have been built, which were also started by Socialist unions.

Furthermore, the tall city tenement buildings, most of which resemble Communistic strongholds in their style and their lay-out—for thousands of people there are only two main entrances—are placed in every single one of Vienna's twenty-one wards so that they form strategic bases. This is ingeniously expressed by some of their names, such as Bebel Court, Matteotti Court, etc. As a rule, only 30 to 40 percent of the total building surface is utilized, the inner part serving for gardens, bath-halls, playgrounds, and the like—a positive advantage over the dark and airless courtyards of many older metropolitan buildings which were built for purely capitalistic ends, often exploiting the surface up to 85 percent. It cannot be ignored, however, that the noise made by hundreds of children among the echoing and towering tenements can be exceedingly disturbing, especially to the worker returning home tired in the evening. At any rate, it is the intention of the Marxists to limit the number of children as far as possible, an aim to which the generally extremely small apartments in the city buildings tend also. The smallness of the apartments compels the parents to entrust their children to Socialist kindergartens of which there is at least one in every large city building. Naturally, the children are educated in these institutions wholly in the sense of Marxism and of class struggle.

In 1922, the city owned about 2,000 apartments; in 1924, 10,000; in 1925, 22,000; a year later, 30,000; in 1927, 36,000. In the five years from 1923 to 1927, 390,000,000 shillings were expended for city tenements, and from 1928 to the end of 1929, a further 150,000,000 shillings. By 1932, 30,000 more municipal apartments are to be finished. One single generation of the bourgeoisie, already weakened by war and inflation and doomed by Socialism, must create residences for the Socialist proletariat of the present and the future, as long as these taxes are economically possible. All the municipal tenement buildings put together would cover today more than the surface of the famous *Innere Stadt* of Vienna (1st Ward). The tenement lay-out in Heiligenstadt (19th Ward) is more than a kilometer long. The lay-out in Erdberg (3rd Ward) consists of seventy-five connected tall apartment buildings in a uniform mass. The tenants are everywhere Social-Democrats, with the exception of a dwindling residue of 1 to 8 percent. Generally speaking, there is considerable political terrorism in the tenement buildings of the city.

A short time ago, the Tenant Protective Law was moderated in Austria to a slight extent: the rents will be raised a few shillings a year. On the other hand, a surtax will be collected by the federal government out of which means will be gained for financing free tenement building with 450,000,000 shillings over a period of three years. The city of Vienna has already claimed 90,000,000 of this sum for its own building program, so that through the cheaper federal means, 10,000 more apartments will be added to its already planned building program.

There is no doubt that, in spite of all their drawbacks, the municipal tenements are for the moment advantageous and alleviate the housing situation. Still, as every municipal apartment represents a strengthening of the position of Austrian Marxism and a perpetuation of proletarianism, the Socialist policy of tenement building in Vienna means a danger for the bourgeois commonwealth, a danger which has surely not arisen without a serious guilt of the bourgeoisie, and which could be balanced by the bourgeoisie only through the adoption of a policy of better production, and by far-reaching social measures.

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Places and Persons

FATHER TABB'S MEMORIAL

By HOWARD MEREWETHER LOVETT

THERE are monuments that have value beyond those wrought in marble. Such is the John B. Tabb Memorial Library for Children in Richmond, Virginia—an enchanted spot in this old city of historic loveliness and charm.

The scholarly English poet, Alice Meynell, whose name has appeared in an anthology of English verse which included selections from the above-mentioned American poets, made a selection on her own initiative from the poems of John B. Tabb. She wrote of him as not the least of the poets of America: "That great nation has looked ardently for her poets. She has found them in places unransacked. She must have been amazed to find one of them here in the less literary South, in the person of a Catholic priest . . . "

This poet and priest was of Virginia. It was not the "less literary South," as compared with New England or any other part of America, that produced the *Southern Literary Messenger,* published in Richmond, the home of Poe and of culture; this a decade before John Bannister Tabb was born.

The development of a young aristocrat of the Old Dominion into a poet to rank with Poe, is a matter of interest, not amazement. His eyes opened on a civilization that he saw destroyed by war; the somber era that followed left the South both sacked and ransacked —to use Mrs. Meynell's word in a different sense. These tragic events, changing values, blighting hopes economic and political, obliterating even the landmarks of literary achievement, were powerful in forcing the genius of this son of Virginia into expression as priest and poet.

He was born March 22, 1845, in one of the homes on the family estate—The Forest, or The Castle—in Amelia County, a few miles from Richmond, the son of Thomas Yelverton and Marianna Bertrand Archer Tabb. The blood of the Washingtons and Randolphs flowed in his veins; he had personal servants to do his bidding and be his playmates; a black mammy watched over him. Long years after every vestige of this old civilization had passed away, there was seen a drawing made by the poet, which he labeled "Ninna," his name for his nurse—a rare type of the aristocrat of the Negro race.

The nursery school of this boy was at his mother's knee, where he learned to say his prayers and to read and write. What is learned at mothers' knees makes the fineness of a civilization. For what is called education, there was a private tutor, Mr. John Lambert Hood, of Philadelphia, who was formerly a colporteur of the Episcopal Church, and was a man of learning and of correct principles.

The sheltered life was rudely ended when war darkened the land. Young Tabb, a stripling of sixteen years, joined the Confederate States Navy. He found adventure, a widened horizon—colorful, brilliant, though limned amid pain and peril. The adventure took him to England where, strangely, in artistic circles his genius as a caricaturist found recognition and he was offered a position on the staff of a famous weekly.

After his return to America he was made prisoner of war. A prison camp held two starved, wretched Confederates, one with a flute, both with souls of poets—John Bannister Tabb and Sidney Lanier, in the Bull Pen, Point Lookout, Maryland. Recently there has been found a drawing made by prisoner Tabb, showing the mean and meager quarters where two American poets were maimed by the cruelty of war. World famed is the name of Lanier, another poet from the ransacked South. Even his flute has been immortalized in lines written by his comrade, Tabb (see "The Poetry of Father Tabb," edited by Litz, published by Dodd, Mead and Company, 1928).

After the searing experience of war, wounds, prison, young Tabb became a convert to the Catholic faith, and later entered the priesthood of the Church, to be known henceforth as Father Tabb, of personality as marked as his genius for verse. This conversion was a departure from association and family tradition. To questioning, perhaps protesting, friends Father Tabb is said to have replied with characteristic succinctness: "I climbed high, then higher and higher until I got to the top of the fence, saw the other side, liked it—and went over."

For twenty-five years Father Tabb taught at St. Charles College, in Maryland. The tall, homely priest became a well-known figure in Richmond, where he came to preach and to visit friends. Often he went to The Forest; the old home, where his sister kept house, welcomed him and humored him in old ways. It was an idiosyncrasy of Father Tabb not to say good-by to anyone. After a visit to his sister, he would leave without warning and go to a neighbor's home, Westwood, for luncheon perhaps, and there wait for the carriage he had ordered to take him to the station. Before leaving Westwood, it was the custom for the children of the family to kneel and receive his blessing. I like to think of him thus bestowing his blessing, for love of children was a characteristic of Father Tabb, as of Emily Dickinson, and was expressed in his child verse. This was given recognition in the founding of his memorial in Richmond, the John B. Tabb Memorial Library for Children.

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How to give to Father Tabb, illustrious poet, fitting honor in his native state, was long a mooted question, and it burned in the mind of Mr. George Watson James, a man of literary attainments and one deeply impressed with the greatness of this Virginian. The form finally given the memorial was his conception, and its realization was largely due to his efforts.

It was while pondering the question of what would be most desirable that he met a nun on the street to whom he put the question; she directed him to a priest at St. Peter's Church. He was delighted to find in Father Washington (descendant of the Mount Vernon Washingtons) an old schoolmate; they at once became enthusiasts in the same cause—a memorial to Father Tabb. What should it be? A tablet? A bronze? While the two were debating the question, a schoolboy with an armful of books went by; like a flash the idea came to Mr. James—a library for children! This was the beginning, only an idea; there were no funds, no place, no books. This was in the year 1921: there was no public library in the city of Richmond. The first forty books collected for the memorial were placed in the parish house of St. Peter's Church.

Mr. James and interested friends started a campaign. Mrs. James, a talented musician, worked with him. There was made a poster with the motto: "Give a child a book and you nourish the nation." The campaign was on; citizens rallied to the appeal; all classes and creeds united in doing honor to Father Tabb. The John B. Tabb Memorial Association was organized; Catholic, Protestant, Jew were working together. There were concert and lecture evenings: Mrs. James was violinist and John Powell sang; Bishop O'Connell, of the Catholic Church, was principal speaker; the Reverend Cary Montague, city missionary of the Episcopal Church, made an address; Mr. Joseph Eggleston, Past Grand Master of Masons, and Judge Fiddleson, with others, took part. Mr. James (a Presbyterian) gave a lecture on Father Tabb in the sacristy of the Sacred Heart Cathedral; he also wrote articles in the newspapers for the cause. This campaign was very successful and netted $22,000.

It was now desirable to place the books for the projected memorial in a place more accessible to the general public than a parish house. At a meeting of the State Library Board, November 22, 1921, Mr. James, president of the John B. Tabb Memorial Association, and Mr. Wyndham R. Meredith, member of the board of managers, appeared in advocacy of a proposal set forth in a paper read by Mr. James—for the State Board to take over the books and give them space in the State Library. The proposition was accepted and Dr. McIlwain, state librarian, gave generous aid to the plan. Here in the dignified State Building this library for children found shelter and grew in size and importance. After thirty-two months it was removed to its present home in the Public Library of Richmond on Franklin Street.

As part of the Public Library this memorial to our illustrious poet has unique distinction; it is not just named for Father Tabb, but enshrines him for all time in that attitude of giving his blessing to children. A portrait of him looks down from walls lined with such books as will appeal to a child. One has only to open any volume to a see a bookplate, a picture of the beloved poet, with selections from his child verse; it may be that conceit about the "Squirrel," or the "Firefly," or "Hospitality," or "Hide and Seek," or another about a tradition of Our Lord:

> When home Our Blessed Lord was gone
> His Mother lived alone with John
> For each had secrets to impart
> That love had taught them both by heart.

In every volume there is a message from the very heart of Father Tabb.

In illustration of some of these verses there are posters, very quaint and humorous, made by talented young ladies of Richmond, which are displayed on Father Tabb's birthday. The day is also commemorated at the poet's grave. The Literary Society of the Catholic Church has charge of the annual exercises.

A life of Father Tabb is in preparation by Mr. James, who brings to the task ardent feeling, sensitive appreciation and a trained mind. The data, which he has spent years in collecting, will be further enriched by the poet's correspondence with Alice Meynell. This correspondence, after Mrs. Meynell's death, was purchased by a citizen of Richmond. It was this intellectual Englishwoman who "discovered" Father Tabb for many lovers of literature as a poet "who thinks and feels in imagery; . . . of fertility, every poem a separate thought—not only quality in little space but, more remarkable, quantity in little space—it is for abundance we must praise him. . . . " It was her evaluation that satisfied his ambition as an artist. He wrote: "Your letter has filled me with gratitude to God for giving, along with my art, the appreciation that I most crave."

What a priceless treasure must be the written correspondence between these two poets—rare and precious in the realm of letters!

Jonquil and Star

What star, I wonder, waited for the birth
Of this most brief and golden star of earth—

Waited the long and empty aeons through,
Lonely and golden in its field of blue,

Searching the meadowed earth each blossomy spring
For this one golden and expected thing

That thrusts the grass aside in lifting up
A soul that is a golden, empty cup

Lifted to what far-gazing, faithful star,
Among the golden millions that there are?

DAVID MORTON.

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SPAIN

By E. ALLISON PEERS

FIFTEEN months ago, in New York, I wrote an article for THE COMMONWEAL on the fall of Primo de Rivera, the Spanish dictator. Now his royal master, Don Alfonso XIII, has fallen also—and I am in Spain.

Never shall I forget the "Night of the Republic" in Barcelona, reputed to be the most turbulent city in the peninsula. I had spent the morning of Tuesday, April 14, in the peaceful seclusion of the library of a Capuchin monastery, outside the city. Through the window I could see the vast garden, a mass of April roses, and here and there a solitary figure in brown habit pacing up and down the walks. But neither within nor without could I hear a sound, save the song of a bird through the open window.

When the morning was gone, I returned to the city. Four hours ago it had been normal; now it was pandemonium. Borne along by the crowd, I found myself, still wondering what had happened, in the City Square. Everybody was shouting "Vivas!" and "Visques!" and "Mueras!" and "Moris!" in Spanish and Catalan indifferently. Still, except that it was connected with the elections of two days before, I had no clear conception of the cause of the tumult. Nor had my neighbors.

I was just about to thread my way out of the tightly wedged crowd when by chance I looked upward to the portals of the fifteenth-century Diputació, which will now be known as the Catalan House of Parliament. There, over the entrance, was draped the flag of the Republicans, and, on the city flagstaff, far above the crowd, fluttered the striped flag of Catalonia. The flags, in an instant, told me everything. The victorious city councilors had just proclaimed the republic.

For fifteen months Spain had been in reaction against the seven years' dictatorship. Beneficent in some respects that despotism was, but it was always a despotism. The dictator made new roads for automobiles, but also made the road by which his sovereign has had to leave the country. He speeded up the public services but speeded the end of all in which he most believed.

Perceptibly, since he fell, Spain has been growing more liberal. Republicans have been growing in strength and numbers daily. Crisis after crisis came and went, and after each we wondered if it was the last: the general strikes, the Jaca rebellion, the fall of Berenguer. Many thought with this final event that the reaction had spent itself. But they had hardly realized how deeply it was rooted or how much force it had gained by the important execution at Huesca of the two young officers who are now popular heroes. Has it even spent itself now? The next months will tell.

I said in my previous article, and I repeat now with immeasurably increased conviction, that Spain's great desire is for peace and prosperity. It was because the dictatorship gave her these, and by no means because she was destitute of spirit, that she endured it. Similarly, it is because, rightly or wrongly, she believes that they will come to her most surely through a republic, that she voted for, and is now shouting for, the republic. If she can be persuaded that the republic has failed, she will clamor for the return of the monarchy—though not, in all probability, of a monarchy like the last. Indeed, I believe that she would put up even with a Red dictatorship, which many critics gloomily prophesy for her, if (as is unlikely) it would give her cheaper food, better wages and increase of trade.

It is well that Spain is so tranquil and at all costs will avoid violence. For, in less reasonable and less enlightened days, her republic would certainly have begun with a declaration of civil war instead of with a royal procession, and, since the army proved loyal to the king after Jaca, there is no reason to suppose that it would have been less so now, had it been called upon. But the king, to the dismay of many of his supporters, chose to avoid strife by leaving the country. And the government faced the strong condemnation of its own left wing, by avoiding strife and letting him go in his stipulated way. The result is that the country has been quiet, any disorder has been harmless, any damage negligible and any death occasioned accidental.

The nation, in short, has changed its form of government with less proportionate commotion than is made by a citizen in changing a suit of clothes.

Let it not be supposed, however, that there was no effervescence of emotion. On the contrary, I have never seen such rejoicing anywhere. From two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon till four o'clock on Thursday morning the streets of Barcelona were only quiet for a very few hours early on Wednesday. For the rest of the time red-capped crowds waving flags marched through the city singing the "Marseillaise," boys and girls climbed to the tops of street-cars and taxicabs, danced yelling round decorated statues, renamed squares and avenues after Alcalá Zamora or the murdered captains—let themselves go, in fact, in every way that youth can think of. Their elders, for the most part, were strangely quiet: the rejoicings were inspired by youth.

But yet there were no excesses. I wandered about Barcelona for three hours in the hurly-burly of Republic Night and saw not a blow struck nor a policeman called upon to intervene. Indeed, the police, though present in great numbers, were standing about talking to the public. There simply was nothing for them to do.

I love Spain and have often had occasion to admire her. But I have never admired her more than on this historic April 14, when she made the greatest change a nation is capable of making, and more peacefully, I believe, than any other nation in the world's history.

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THE MALICE OF CONTRACEPTION

By EDWARD ROBERTS MOORE

DELIBERATE interference with the natural consequence of the exercise of the marital privilege is in its essence an offense against the natural law and therefore is intrinsically evil. This is "birth control" in the sense in which the term has been popularized, though it is strictly not birth control at all, but birth prevention. This is birth control in the sense in which it is condemned by the Church. It is the attempt to make two entirely distinct processes out of what was designed by nature as single and indivisible, with the elimination of one and the placing of undue emphasis upon the other. It is the exclusion of procreation and the interpretation of sex in terms of pleasure. It is a philosophy of life which might accurately be termed "copulationism," as its adherents might be called "copulationists."

In the four preceding articles of this series birth prevention or copulationism was discussed largely from the point of view of public policy. No state would wish to stand sponsor to its own demise. In fact, *no state would have a right* to do so. As a preliminary the fallacy of the once popular notion of the peril of overpopulation was exposed, and it was indicated that actually a population decline is already under way in this country and much of Europe. If the nation is to safeguard its own continuance, any expression of public policy will be in encouragement of births, not in opening any wider the gateway to what was described by a recent President of these United States, concisely and emphatically, as "race suicide."

Prescinding from the possibility—in fact, if the present trend continues, the *certainty*—of eventual national and racial extinction, it was pointed out that a declining population, from an economic, industrial and particularly from an agricultural point of view, would be tantamount to national calamity. This decline would be reflected in per capita income to such a degree that there would be a thoroughly disconcerting fall in the scale of living, so laboriously advanced, generation by generation. A population increasing, even though slowly, was given as a prerequisite of prosperity—and nature was vindicated as a provider sufficiently far-seeing and bountiful to support any reasonably conceivable future population.

The fourth article presented some medical considerations. Though no authoritative statement has been made by the medical profession as such, many eminent members thereof have given expression to vigorous and emphatic condemnation on medical grounds of contraceptive practice. Sterility, frequent and serious infections and even cancer, neurological and psychological disturbances, were mentioned as consequences of the habitual prevention of conception.

None of these facts can be overlooked in any reasoned discussion of birth prevention from the point of view either of public policy or of the welfare of the individual. But it is not upon them that the Church bases her condemnation. She is not indifferent to the prosperity of peoples or the health of nations; in all ages and climes she has shown concern for the physical well-being of her children. But primarily and fundamentally she does not deal in terms of population trends and optimum concepts. She speaks in terms of right and wrong. And so speaking, she declares simply but effectively, in language that admits of no misinterpretation, that birth prevention, in the popular sense of the term, is wrong:

"Any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of grave sin" (encyclical letter of December 30, 1930).

This is a simple, direct and clear statement. The Church, "to whom God has entrusted the defense of the integrity and purity of morals," has acted in virtue of this divine commission to direct her children in accordance with God's law. From the moral standpoint the question is beyond the realm of discussion. For the Catholic the case is closed.

A further and essential consideration at once presents itself. The practice of birth prevention is, as we have seen, condemned by many people on grounds other than moral. But as a rule, even emphatic opponents of family limitation on economic, medical or other grounds are such because they see evil effects following upon the practice. Therefore, it is the *practice,* not the *individual act,* that they condemn, and they do so, not because they see anything evil in the thing itself but solely because of its consequences. Hence, while still condemning the practice, they are usually willing to grant exception in special cases. Further, did the particular ill effects that they see not exist, *or were they to cease to exist,* their attitude would change accordingly. Nor would there be any inconsistency in such a change. Once base a condemnation solely upon evil consequences of the thing condemned, and it is perfectly logical to lift the condemnation when the effects are removed.

But the Church sees in deliberate frustration of the marriage privilege an act *intrinsically evil.* It is wrong not because of ill effects that may follow in its train, nor because of any conceivable set of circumstances which might attend it. It would be equally wrong even though in a particular instance it might effect material good. It is the act which is judged, entirely independent of all other considerations, and the judgment is that *the act itself is wrong;* that it is, as the Scholastics

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would say, the very "stuff of evil," that it is, therefore, in all places and at all times and under all conditions and all circumstances, always and forever wrong.

This is a fact the importance of which cannot be overestimated. It is evident that situations may arise in which from a material or pragmatic point of view contraception would be an obvious recourse. There is no doubt that many times such extreme conditions do not actually exist, but are fabricated as an excuse for self-indulgence and the avoidance of responsibility. On the other hand, any medical practitioner can tell of cases where pregnancy and labor would be attended with serious danger, and cases of dire economic necessity are probably known to every reader of this article. Let an extreme case be supposed: the family already large, the mother weak and worn from privation, the father incapacitated by accident or illness, other complications. The statistician and the economist, no matter how much each might be opposed to a philosophy of population restriction, would have no voice here; it is entirely conceivable that a person not fully conversant with all phases of the problem, and actuated solely by pragmatic considerations, would advocate contraception. If an exception can ever be made, here is the place to make it. One who condemns the practice of contraception solely because of evil consequences therefrom would certainly be inclined to make an exception in such a case. But if the very act itself be evil, then there can be no exception, for "Evil is not to be done that good may come of it" (Romans, iii, 8). In the words of the Holy Father: ". . . No reason, however grave, may be put forward by which anything intrinsically against nature may become conformable to nature and morally good."

This is the answer to the question that Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild asks in the January 28 issue of the *New Republic,* "What Does the Pope Want?" It would appear, however, that Professor Fairchild's perplexity was really not occasioned by any obscurity in the Holy Father's message, but by his own failure to grasp the intimate and essential bearing of that fundamental concept, the natural law, upon the whole matter of birth prevention. To state this simply:

There exists a code or standard of human conduct which rests directly upon nature itself and is therefore antecedent to all positive or written law. This code or standard is known as the natural law. But interference with the normal consequence of cohabitation is intrinsically in conflict with this law. Therefore, interference with the normal consequence of cohabitation is intrinsically evil and cannot under any circumstances be tolerated.

Blackstone, writing of the natural law, says: "As man depends absolutely upon his Maker in all things, it is necessary that he should in all points conform to the Maker's will. . . . This will of his Maker is called the law of nature. . . . This law of nature . . . is binding all over the globe, in all countries and at all times: no human laws are of any validity if contrary to this." Cicero, invoking the natural law in his classical defense of Milo, speaks of it as that law which "we have not written but which is born with us; which we have not learned, nor received from tradition, nor read, but which we have taken and drawn in and imbibed from nature herself; a law which we were not taught but according to which we were made; in which we were not trained but which is ingrained in us." Upon the universal recognition of such a law Cicero based his case. He admitted that Milo had slain his political opponent, Clodius, but declared that it had been done in self-defense. And the right of defending oneself against an unjust agressor is prior to and independent of all man-made laws. It is a law of nature, springing from the very constitution of our being.

This law of nature is the foundation and the principal support of all positive law. The provisions on our statute books designed to protect our neighbor's property—is theft wrong and condemned by all simply because it contravenes these man-made laws? Is it not rather that theft is universally recognized as an evil thing because it offends against the *natural right* of our neighbor to possess and hold that which is his own! When we kill our neighbor, or injure him, are we not offending against his natural, inherent rights? Who would sponsor the theory that if murder ceased to be a crime according to our statutes, we would be relieved of all obligation to respect the life and well-being of our fellow man! No—antecedent to every human code no matter how ancient, before all man-made laws, ecclesiastical or civil, previous even to the Ten Commandments themselves, there is another law, a law which springs from the very nature of ourselves and the things around us, a law which extends its benevolent sway into every nook and corner of our lives, a law that guides and directs and strengthens and protects us, a law whose exemplar is the mind of the Creator and whose origin is in creation itself, a law that is woven as a pattern of order and beauty into the very warp and woof of life. "Thou shalt not kill—Thou shalt not commit adultery—Thou shalt not steal"—so God spoke in the thunders of Sinai. He was but putting into words the unspoken law of the universe, the law by which right is separated from wrong as God separated the waters that are above the earth from them that are below, the law which from Adam to Antichrist provides humanity with its ultimate standard of morality.

Unless we are to posit moral anarchy, therefore, we must grant the existence of an objective norm or standard of conduct. We might go further and declare that unless we would posit not only moral but civil anarchy as well, we must make the same assumption. Horace, keen observer of affairs, once said: "Quid leges sine moribus vanae proficiunt?" ("Of what use are laws without morals?") Sad would be our plight should our people ever come to deny the existence of any sanction other than that provided by their statute books! Nothing at all will save the world from chaos when

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men cease to respect one another's rights. And sad will be the plight of that nation and speedy its decay when morality becomes solely a matter of convention and hygiene, and all God-given sense of right and wrong is stifled. Not the armed watchman at the cross-roads, but the sentinel of conscience must be the ultimate guardian of the rights of man—this is the law of nature. The practice of birth prevention offends against this law of nature.

The two dominant life instincts are self-preservation and self-perpetuation. Corresponding to these instincts are the two appetites of hunger and sex desire, the one being satisfied by food, the other by conjugal intercourse. In order that we might be willing to undergo the trouble and expense involved in providing ourselves with food, we have been so constituted that the partaking of food is attended with pleasure. In order that we might be willing to bear the burden of parenthood, pleasurable sensations are associated with the satisfaction of the sex instinct.

When we are hungry, we eat. And as we eat our systems begin to go through a long, involved and intricate set of processes about which we know little and, if we are normal and healthy, probably care even less. All that immediately concerns us is the satisfying of our appetite. The rest we leave to nature. Never for a moment would it occur to us to go into a restaurant, order and eat a meal, and then deliberately disgorge it. The very thought disgusts us. It brings us back to the days of decadent Rome and its shocking orgies, where the guests when they had eaten their fill retired to a *vomitorium* and emptied their stomachs, that they might come back to their banquet couches and begin all over again. It was eating solely for the sake of eating. Assimilation, nutrition, were positively excluded. The digestive machinery, though set in motion, was quickly halted. A process designed by nature as one and indivisible was chopped in two. Attention was focused on the first phase of the process because of the pleasure associated with it; the second phase was eliminated. This pleasure was made an end in itself, not a means to an end. The true ends of the process, the life and health and strength of the individual, were abandoned entirely. Self-preservation was prostituted to self-delectation.

Therein precisely lies the malice of contraception. It aims to separate the pleasure so purposefully attached to the satisfaction of sex desire from the normally consequent processes of conception, gestation and parturition. It makes copulation, not procreation, the reason and explanation of sex difference and the purpose of marriage; it makes sex enjoyment an end in itself, not a means to an end; it takes a faculty designed by God for the continuance of the race, and makes of it solely an instrument of pleasure.

Once recognize the lawfulness of seeking sex pleasure solely for its own sake, and behold the result. What limitations are to be placed upon the means by which this pleasure may be obtained? Or upon the circumstances under which it may be sought? In fact it is probably no mere coincidence that paralleling the spread of contraceptive practice is a growing tendency to look with complaisance upon hitherto reprobated sex freedom. If children are merely to be considered a complicating circumstance by the development of preventive methods now no longer necessarily attendant upon sex relations, why allow one's liberty to be infringed upon by traditional tabus and mediaeval "Thou shalt not's"? And, indeed, why? Why chastity among the unmarried or fidelity among the married if sex pleasure is to be accepted as an end in itself, and the normal consequences of sex relations can be avoided?

Nor does the chain of consequences, perfectly logical once the basic concept of the separation of sex pleasure from procreation is accepted, end at this point. Disagreeable as this whole discussion is, it must be courageously carried through. A contraceptionist society may affect a "broad-minded" toleration of marital infidelity and pre-marital unchastity, it may accept adultery and fornication as an inevitable though no doubt to be regretted concomitant of its system—even the Federal Council of Churches say: "That serious evils, such as extra-marital sex relations, may be increased by a general knowledge of contraceptives must be recognized"! But in no conceivable state of degradation could any society hold in anything but loathing and disgust the more revolting perversions of sex. Why, if pleasure is the sole object of sex, should not two young people of *opposite* sex though unmarried make use of the conjugal embrace to express affection for each other? Why, it may also be asked, should not two people of the *same* sex use a *similar* medium to express their mutual affection? Or just to give each other pleasure? Why not all the shocking excess of masturbation, sodomy, homosexuality, sadism, masochism, fetichism, etc.? The mere suggestion fills us with horror—but on what ground, if sex pleasure be separated from the procreative process and made a legitimate end in itself?

Dr. John A. Ryan sums up the argument: "The so-called contraceptive devices are intrinsically immoral because they involve the unnatural use, the perversion of, a human faculty. One of the most important human faculties is used in such a way as to frustrate its natural end. Such conduct is quite as unnatural as self-mutilation, or the practice of solitary vice. Any person who rejects this fundamental moral principle concerning the wrongfulness of perverting a faculty, must logically hold that there is no such thing as intrinsic immorality, that moral badness is always identical with individual disutility, and that anything is right which any individual thinks is useful for him. The practice in question is degrading because it perverts conjugal intercourse from coöperation (potential if not actual) with the Creator into a mere means of sensual gratification. It brings husbands and wives down to the level of mutual instruments of indulgence."

What is the solution of the problem? Let it be said

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at once that the notion, so surprisingly current, that the Church requires the raising of as large families as possible, is an utterly mistaken one. The Church believes in birth control, but by self-control. To the advocate of contraception, this represents an ascetic ideal, possible to but a few and therefore no practical solution of the problem. But as Paul Bureau, in his striking volume, "Towards Moral Bankruptcy," says: "The sacrifice is not beyond man's power as people wish to make out, at least if husband and wife have been careful to adopt such a healthful life as will help the abstinence that is required of them. . . This conjugal continence, which terrifies so many of our cowardly moralists, gives on the contrary a new sense and an enlarged significance to the great duty of chastity in the celibate, which all unite in proclaiming necessary. This duty would no longer seem to be, as it were, hanging in the air, necessary only for a time; the time of chastity preceding marriage would appear as part of a coherent sexual morality, as the preparation leading to the more difficult continence which married life will demand. No hard and fast line will divide the two periods; the second is the logical sequence of the first, and has urgent need of habits, already formed, of discipline of the senses, and control of the spirit over the animal nature."

Self-discipline, then, forms the natural basis—as the grace of God forms the supernatural—of a Christian married life. If from childhood, the two who are now husband and wife have accustomed themselves to live according to fixed and definite standards of right and wrong, then self-control is already a habit. If they have always endeavored—though perhaps, indeed, not always successfully—to do right and avoid wrong, even in the little things of life, when they come to the big things they will be prepared. If they have tried, as they are required to try, to maintain control over even their thoughts, they will find the task much less difficult. Mastery over self is not readily won, it is a life work. But it can be won, and it will be won by those who constantly strive for it. Pre-nuptial virtue is the key to marital chastity.

Furthermore, the true interpretation of life is in terms of eternity and not of time, in terms of the spirit and not of the flesh. Christian spouses know of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; they have heard the promise of the lasting presence of Christ; they know that in Him they can do all things; they know that God's grace will be sufficient for them; they know that God will not desert them unless He first be deserted. And they have the sacraments to strengthen them. For them continence may be, in fact it will be, hard, but not impossible. As the Holy Father says in the encyclical: "There is no possible circumstance in which husband and wife cannot, strengthened by the grace of God, faithfully fulfil their duties and preserve in wedlock their chastity unspotted," so ordering their lives that "as members of the great family of Christ," "denying ungodliness and wordly desires, they may live soberly and justly and godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and Our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Titus, ii, 12-13).

EDUCATORS ALL AT SEA

By FREDERICK LYNCH

EVERYONE who has children to educate must feel somewhat bewildered at the debate, everywhere in progress, on the question as to what is the best education and what should be its real aim and end. I had the privilege of attending the recent curriculum conference at Rollins College. Here were fifteen or twenty of the best-known educational experts of the country, under the leadership of John Dewey, discussing for a week the ideal curriculum for a college of liberal arts. On one thing they were all agreed, namely, that the present system was all wrong and utterly fails in its purpose of training youth to meet the real problems of life. Nearly everyone began his remarks with a confession that his school and college did nothing for him. I felt that perhaps they carried these confessions a little too far, for they were very eminent and successful men, all of whom had made considerable contributions to letters and life. I could not help wondering if, after all, their school and college training had not done more for them than, in their reaction against the older methods, they realized. Would they have been as great men without it?

Anyhow, they all said conventional education was a failure. They claimed that the methods of recitation and lecture common to most schools and colleges were futile so far as real education was concerned, and that the conference system, as practised at Rollins, where the students and professor work together, around the table, on the subject they are pursuing, is the method of the future. They also agreed that the curriculum should be fashioned with the idea of training youth to meet the real problems of the time. Here some divergence of opinion began to express itself. The members of the conference were not altogether agreed as to just what the real problems were, and where they were agreed on the problems they were not entirely in accord as to the best methods of study in preparation to meet them.

This diversity of opinion appears in all the current discussion. I recently listened to an eminent educator who spent most of his hour in telling us that unemployment was the great problem of the near future; that modern invention and changing economic conditions were going to increase it. Therefore, education should

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be directed toward training youth to adjust itself to this condition of things. Another authority has lately told us that some form of Sovietism was going soon to be the political and economic order of the world and all our education should be directed toward adjusting ourselves to this new order. I have also heard an educator inform us that life consists of relationships —relationships of parents and children, husband and wife, employer and employee, relationship to the community and to the country. Therefore, he insisted, education should deal primarily with these relationships and the way to adjust ourselves to them properly. Other authorities are telling us that we are facing great economic, social, political and international problems; therefore the curriculum should deal entirely and specifically with these problems and be directed toward training leaders in their solution.

We all know how, from every quarter, is coming the demand that all our education be made vocational and more and more our universities are emphasizing this type of training. Every boy and girl is going to follow a vocation of some kind; therefore make up the curriculum of courses in stenography, journalism, cooking, agriculture, government, chauffeuring, railroading, restaurant and hotel management, teaching, dressmaking and what not. There is no end to the subjects and soon, if we go on, every vocation known to man will be in the curriculum. Our public schools and colleges will become professional schools resembling our schools of law, medicine, divinity and engineering.

Now the danger in all this is that few of us can agree as to just what the social, economic and political systems of the near future are going to be. The delegates at Rollins could not agree. In the general discussion following the lecturer I have referred to, who said that unemployment was to be the general condition, scarcely anyone was in accord. I am sure that not one person out of a hundred in America believes that even a modified form of Sovietism is coming here. Some would insist, with just as good reason, that Fascism is the coming régime and that all our education should be turned toward preparation for that day. None of us can be sure of just what the future is going to be politically, economically or socially. When it comes to vocational training, most boys and girls have little idea, before they are beyond school years, what vocation they want to follow. They discover their aptitudes and likings during the educational process rather than before.

All of which raises the question whether the best education is not, after all, that which makes us strong, resourceful, able men, with disciplined minds and forceful characters, capable of grappling with any problem that presents itself and undertaking any task that confronts us. There is a great deal of evidence that this is the best way. As I think of the really great statesmen of the world, I recall that most of them never studied politics in college. They received their training at Oxford or Cambridge in Latin, Greek and mathematics; or at the Sorbonne in belles-lettres; or at one of our own great universities in mathematics, philosophy, economics and history. Many of the heads of our great businesses, factories and railroads were educated chiefly in the humanities. I have heard several heads of schools say that they preferred men for teachers who had had the general college course, to men who had been to teachers' colleges. Most of the best diplomats have been men who have never studied diplomacy in school or college. So one can go on. I, myself, as a youth in college, studied chiefly literature, science and music, and afterward in a professional school, divinity, but my life work has been concerned chiefly with international problems. Somehow I cannot help feeling that I have got on better in my field than I could have done had I been trained solely on international affairs, although such hypotheses are incapable of proof.

I am with the moderns so far as methods go. I believe that the conference method, at least when boys and girls reach college, is the true method—the best method even for the making of resourcefulness, ability and character. I think that even in school days the Lincoln School method of creative work and fostering intellectual interest is the best, with perhaps a little more of disciplinary study. But I raise the question as to whether the real aim of our school and college education ought not to be the making of men capable of solving any problem, adjusting themselves to any situation, grappling with any task, rather than the training for specific situations that may never come or in some one vocation which could easily be mastered after college, were we properly educated to attain mastery in all things.

To Mary, Queen of Song

Dear singing star of morning,
  With other worlds you played
In Israel's joy delighting,
  Before day depths were made.

Age long you sang till Ave
  Your star heart broke with Light,
Then angels garnered from you
  While quiet worlds at night

Looked down on mystic hillside,
  Where song of songs you found
In Word of God your childing
  Brought low to stony ground.

Now stirs our dark to day-star—
  New Ave mystery!
Love-springs begin in cold clods,
  Where moved stones sing your Three.

With first joy, angel-garnered,
  Adorn dead words of men:
"Magnificat!" sing, Mary;
  Stones may be silent then.

SISTER THOMAS AQUINAS.

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A ROSARY OF LOVELY PLACES

By LOUIS GOLDING

THIS is the time of the year when readers will neither willingly read nor listen to the eloquence of other people on the subject of traveling. They will reach for their own walking-stick. They will adjust around their shoulders the straps of their own ruck-sacks. Or, if they are another sort of traveler, they will get a gold-haired secretary to book a seat for them on the Golden Arrow that is to transport them to a gilded bathing-booth in Beaulieu. Or they will wire to the skipper at Monte Carlo to have their yacht ready for them.

But it is not for them, this second and less blissful sort of traveler, that I weave these memories. What will it mean to them if I recall my voyage among the Aeolian Islands on an Italian cattle-ship? Or that superb day's tramping, fifteen hours of it, from the Greek coast to the mountain citadel of Andrifsaena, in the heart of the Peloponnesus?

It is for the others, the tramps, the steerage-voyagers that, sitting on the beach of this remote Baltic village, I am emboldened to be narrative, to be retrospective, to be superlative. I have my back against a purple pine tree and against ten years of solid, and liquid, traveling. I look forward toward I know not how many more days or years of traveling, and on a sea I have not yet explored. Before the lands and seas, the days and years, mingle into each other, I would seek out those cities or landscapes which most dominate that decade. Or rather, as I lean back indolently against my pine tree, I would bid them come and seek me out.

The most glorious landscapes I have ever seen? It is difficult to set up against each other the grandeur of Gavarnie in the Pyrenees and the hemmed-in sweetness of the glades in the Zillerthal in Tyrol, or the level savannas of Texas, or the misty Grampian moorlands. But I propose only to tell of those places or moments which most promptly possess my mind when I think back along those years. Then my most glorious landscapes are: Delphi, in Greece, under the cleft of the Golden Rocks, and you look down upon acres and acres of scarlet anemones, into a silver smother of olive groves and down at length to the blue rapier of the Gulf of Corinth, where the port of Itea blazes on its hilt. And alongside of Delphi, I remember the thousand-times hymned landscape that opens out to you from the Mount of Olives, the domes and towers of the Holy City swaying slightly as if they were vapors, and the thread of Jordan embosomed in its pink oleanders and the whole crust of the earth crashing down disastrously to the deep sunken trench of the Dead Sea, and beyond, the mountains of Moab and Gilead, carved out of one vast amethyst.

And suddenly, irrelevantly, I find myself transported to a landscape as unlike Delphi or the desert of Jericho as any that exists on this globe. It is the very cogency of the contrast that carries me there, to Lincolnshire, to a land soaked in the smell of waters. Not far off is the sea, and the brine is borne on the slow east wind to mingle with the lush smell of many rivers and quiet pools ringed by hawthorn. Beneath every willow a fisherman sits, his basket beside him and a battered green hat on his head. It is easy to fancy that each fisherman is the same as the last, his reflection cast by some strange mirage of waters under every willow. Sometimes a rod is lifted deftly and the floundering shimmer of silver breaks the trance of sleep. And the willows sway sleepily and the clouds are too lazy to move, and the yellowhammer, finding it as vain to ask for a little bit of bread as for no cheese, twitters into silence. Only the water-wagtails flicker by the reeds, like a restless thought on the fringes of a dream.

Let me dream in Lincolnshire no more. Enough of landscapes, let us to cities now. Which of the great cities I have found most beautiful? I recall chiefly, not the difficult and subtle beauty of Rome, not the obvious beauty of Venice which hurls itself at you like a scented fountain or a shower of petals from shaken cherry-blossom. I recall New York, climbing hand over fist into the skies, and a certain apocalyptic moment in Sixth Avenue. Immediately above me crashed the trains of the elevated railway. Beyond them soared the princely buildings of Fifth Avenue, of which you saw only the rear walls, free from any sort of architectural affectation, as simple and severe as a mountain or a problem in mathematics. Higher still the antennae of the wireless station on Seventh Avenue probed the morning air. Highest of all two searchlights converged on a spot high in the heavens where an airplane moved between two sliding panels of light.

I recall Berlin in summer, not the Berlin of "Unter den Linden" and the Hofkirche, which is like a gilded and frozen Palais de Danse for the goose-step cavortings of Prussian angels; not the Berlin of the frozen vanity of the Siegers' Allee —but a city of mysterious canals and odd hidden harbors where deep barges unload their odorous heaps of hay, of lime-tree malls murmurous with bees, of broad boulevards muted with greenery.

I recall Madrid, a strange strident moment one New Year's Eve in the great frozen square of Madrid, the Puerta del Sol; how all the dustmen and scavengers from the narrow streets which go down to the Manzanares, came forth from their hiding-places with broom handles for drum-sticks and dustpan lids for drums; and how these celebrated the wierdest Saturnalia, under that sky of icy stars, since the days of Dionysian revelers, the ear-splitting pipes and reeds and the wild-eyed women.

But if I am to recall cities, let them be rather the smaller, the shyer places, not these caravansaries which are all the world's possession. Do I know any place on earth grander than Castrogiovanni, exalted upon its bleak hill above the heart of Sicily? You gaze from its ramparts upon a vast inverted lily, and that is Etna. Wave after wave of frozen landscape flows to the peacock waters of the African sea. And Ulm comes back to me with its tall dark tower and hurrying streams, and the stained glass in its churches, which seems to give off a steam, as if it were molten. And Verona, where the twilight has a purple quality unknown elsewhere, and in the dark places of the *galleria,* the whispering lovers find it too lovely and too silly to be alive.

And there is Segesta, which is no city at all. I mean that lovely temple over in northwestern Sicily. (You can't get free from Sicily once you've gone wandering there. It's like a ghost at your heels, a ghost made up out of flame and the smell of harsh wild flowers, asphodel and comfrey and borage.) The temple of Segesta thrusts itself into the heart of the white hills as if to make itself more a spectacle than a shrine. Far off between the narrow rift of the hills gleams the blue bay of Castellamane. In this place your mind is not distracted even by goatherds nor the silken amber-eyed goats who wander casually into temples elsewhere, to re-create the old poet, Theocritus, with a piping on a fig-tree flute and a sleepy clangor of bells. Your images in Segesta are older than Theocritus. On the banks of the River Crimesus at the hill's foot, you see the Sicilian-Greek maidens gathering violets and water-cresses and filling baskets for the altars of Diana. Here at your side her brow was garlanded with leaves. This way the beasts ascended to sacrifice. Beyond the booming of bees and the chatter of grasshoppers rises the lowing of the consecrated kine. . . .

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I recall also a certain landscape, in Germany this time, in which the point upon which my imagination fastens is not the beauty of the place. I was away among those strangely twisted mountains that fringe the River Elbe in the direction of Czechoslovakia. I was climbing a dark portentous ravine in a snow blizzard. There was a wailing about my ears as if the world were resolved into chaos again and the titans had at length overwhelmed the gods. The sky throbbed with a lurid, a sulphurous, a really unpleasant light. When I crested that last lost mountain, it seemed as if I was about the only creature left in the solar system, except, perhaps, for a few Eskimos in Baffin's Land. Then my eye suddenly caught sight of a notice-board, stuck into a cleft in the rock: "Citizens Beware! The Danger is Greater than the Romance. Picture Post-cards and Sausages are on Sale in the Hut ten minutes further on!"

Where to end? Shall I end in the portal of that little ninth-century chapel near Assisi, contemplating a poster that someone had lately nailed to the door: "American Language Spoken Here"? Or eating a dish of *couscous* with a Moorish sheik in Marakesh, attended by three ebony Negresses, who stand outlined against the snowy splendor of the Atlas Mountains? No, let me end in Megalospaelion, for I know no place that still so obsesses my imagination. Megalospaelion is a Greek Orthodox monastery at the head of a ravine that thrusts southward from the Gulf of Corinth. The name means Great Cavern, for it is built into the concave enormity of a hollow mountain, and all its contours have cells patched precariously into its crannies, like swallows' nests. There at midnight on the morning of one Easter Sunday we stood, the priests and the novices and I, upon a platform slung high above the profound valley. The conical hats of the priests were like pillars of black flame, their beards flowed like torrents of broken water. They were rather like black-winged birds than men, their eyes, red with study and fantastic unblinking meditation, gleaming like coals in the star-powdered darkness. And there the youngest of the novices struck a sort of antique gong; and behold, Christ was born again into that sky-hung aerie!

It was a strange place, and they were strange people; but it is an odd thing how, after all my wanderings, my mind comes back again to Lincolnshire, to a land soaked in the smell of waters. And beneath every willow there, a fisherman sits, a battered green hat upon his head. "A little bit of bread with no cheese!" cry the yellowhammers petulantly. But no one takes any notice of them. And the water-wagtails flicker by the reeds, like a restless thought on the fringes of a dream. An odd thing, to keep going back like that to Lincolnshire. But it is so quiet. It is so green.

The Silent Moment

It is a fragrant moment in the morning of the year
And the blossom from the plum tree
Falls quietly like snow:
Ye winging birds be wordless about by garden here:
It is beauty that is passing;
Passing solemnly and slow.

I shall hear an after music: I shall hear it soon or late;
Though the frost is on the plum tree
And the latest leaf is sere:
There was once a silent garden and a white hand at the gate:
It was beauty slowly passing
From the morning of the year.

WILLIAM SOUTAR.

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLIC PAN-AMERICANISM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: A recent address by the Reverend Edwin Ryan to the annual meeting in New York of the Catholic Association for International Peace is bound to produce comment and it may be as well to clear the lists in advance.

For some years past he has made Catholic Pan-Americanism a special field of endeavor, and it would seem that the time has come at last when a steadfast champion in that field may receive a sympathetic hearing. It is an idea that has long appealed to some of us who realize how much of mutual advantage might be gained by both the great bodies concerned through an understanding relationship upon so solid a common base as the Catholic faith.

Some have tried before to open this trail, but hitherto without success. The present writer attempted to point out, twenty years ago, what would probably happen in Mexico and how intelligent Catholic coöperation in the United States might help Mexican Catholics to forestall some of the difficulties which actually did arise and are at present troublesome. His efforts were met by blank indifference then, and when the crisis developed, with some measure of hostility. The futility of our ill-informed efforts to be sympathetic and helpful in that crisis and the antagonism our methods aroused among all Mexicans including Catholics, may have brought us a long step forward toward a frame of mind to which Dr. Edwin Ryan's thesis will at last appeal.

The Catholic University is a most appropriate pivot for such a coöperative movement, supported by the National Catholic Welfare Conference on the one hand and the great organizations of laymen on the other. It would be most fitting that an interchange be arranged between our Catholic University and the universities of Latin America, both of professors, lay and clerical, and of students. There is no particular reason why Duke University or California should be publishing the results of first-class research in Mexico and South American history, while Catholic centers of learning in the United States remain inactive and even indifferent.

Quite aside from Dr. Edwin Ryan's comments on North American non-Catholic religious activities in South America, it is grotesque that in the non-religious field so much practical good is being done in Southern Catholic lands by Protestants and so little by Catholics from the North. The Y. M. C. A. and other centers of social activity or practical learning are in those countries, and the youth of those countries welcome them, precisely because they are needed there. Protestant North Americans in South America, as in Asia, are giving young men and girls something they want, something that they should have if they want it, and cannot at present obtain otherwhere than from Protestant North America.

That is not a thing to combat. The harm that may follow, however, and actually does follow, is that ambitious youth in parts of South America, already weakened in the Faith by other things, tends more and more to look upon the Catholic Church as an antique, to be preserved in a glass case or discarded for what it will bring at a rummage sale.

Sincere Protestants go to those Catholic countries because they are convinced that the Catholic Church is an outworn institution which does not serve the purposes for which it was instituted. Convinced Protestants believe that or they would not be there. What they do not see in their general boards at home, though their men at the front are beginning to see it

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very clearly, is that is not enough for a man to be a "bad" Catholic to become a "good" Protestant, and that no matter what else they may be doing, they are not producing a revival of Christianity by weakening the Catholic faith in South American youth. Physical culture and commercial accounting are no valid substitute for Christian faith. Those things are admitted today by a growing number of American Protestant missionaries in those lands.

In the preliminary address of his campaign, before the Catholic Association for International Peace, Dr. Edwin Ryan again advances a tentative program suggested within the past twenty years to the Knights of Columbus and to the National Catholic Welfare Conference, greatly strengthened by our general American progress in sociological experiment in those two decades, and definitely supported by more recent papal pronouncements, heartily endorsed by South American prelates, and consonant to the general plans of several South American governments.

The idea has made solidly visible progress everywhere except among us, from whom the initiative should flow in order to make it immediately successful. May all success attend Dr. Edwin Ryan's campaign for Catholic Pan-Americanism!

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

CHESS

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: In my original letter on chess I expressed the opinion that if chess afforded the close analogy to war which its devotees assume, then one would naturally expect to find some great military leaders who were also eminent at chess. It is true that the citation of the names of such military leaders would not be absolute proof of the analogy, but they would certainly be good supplementary evidence. Certainly, too, the absence of such names seems rather suspicious.

Despite, therefore, Mr. Joseph Jacobi's assertion in his latest rejoinder in your issue of February 25 that to expect or to give such names is a non-sequitur, I still think such instances would be a very natural expectation—especially so in view of Mr. Jacobi's own statement that there is a tradition, "among chess players," that great battles have been planned on the chessboard. However, to my request, and even challenge, for the names of these great battle planners or of any other great military chess-players—a very simple matter if the assumed military parallel were as strong as Mr. Jacobi says it is—Mr. Jacobi will not, or cannot, give a single instance. I shall leave to the reader whether the aforesaid expectation is a mere inconsequence, as Mr. Jacobi affirms, or whether Mr. Jacobi's silence is not rather a disingenuous evasion, a practical admission by default, of a supplementary but very pertinent point in the question at issue.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Jacobi may be interested if I furnish him with the name of a prominent military exponent of chess who seems to have some skill as a player, namely, Marshal Pilsudski, present dictator of Poland, who during the post-armistice years used to play regularly with no less eminent an opponent than the present occupant of the papal throne, then stationed in Warsaw as papal nuncio. However, since the unwarlike ecclesiastic was accustomed to trounce the military man soundly eight out of ten games, I fear this will give small comfort to those fond of the military analogy.

With regard to the analogy itself, Mr. Jacobi admits my contention that the analogy does not hold for the beginning of the game, but asserts that it comes to life after the game has been in progress for a while. In other words, to reduce the question to its bare elements, Mr. Jacobi professes to see a re-

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semblance to war in a game where the infantry (pawns) foregoes its characteristic movement en masse and moves forward only one man at a time; where the cavalry (knights) make dashing charges not in the orthodox fashion but by a peculiar system of curvettings—two jumps forward and one to the side or one jump forward and two to the side; where the bishops not merely lay aside their holy office by following oblique courses but descend to hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy; where the fortified places (castles) instead of staying put have the fantastic quality of movement over the battle-field; where the queen so far forgets her feminine nature as to become a regular bruiser—incomparably the most powerful and dangerous of the combatants; where the nominal leader on whose fate everything depends (the king) is notable chiefly for his doddering weakness and restricted movements; and where, finally, the contest is decided not by the capture or overthrow of the opposing forces nor even, as in the case of Napoleon III in the Franco-Prussian War, by the seizure of the nominal leader.

If these incongruities are present in the bare elements of the game, by what intellectual hocus-pocus can they suddenly be whisked out of sight at any stage of the game, whether beginning, middle or end?

The curious thing in this whole matter is the hot resentment of chess-players whenever this military analogy of theirs is questioned. It seems to be their pet superstition, and like all superstitions is based on credulity rather than objective judgment, on fancy rather than fact. Certainly Mr. Jacobi to date has not advanced a single argument to show that it has any basis in reality—he has asserted but he has not proved. If he is seeking for a game with at least an approach to a military parallel, I commend to his attention checkers. In that game at any rate they have kings that amount to something!

JOHN BUNKER.

DISTRACTIONS OF A CHURCHGOER

Columbus, Ohio.

TO the Editor: As a Catholic, and having been one all my life, in constant intercourse with Catholics—both highly educated and Catholics of the humbler walks of life—I am deeply pained, *as a Catholic,* at the letter by Mr. Eliot B. Wheaton printed in THE COMMONWEAL of March 25. His statements are most unjust to the laity and to the Catholic schools, priests and parents, whose duty it is to instruct Catholics in their religion.

Our prayer-books are a refutation of Mr. Wheaton's accusation: therein the ordinary of the Mass may be found printed in full, the very words of the celebrant of the Mass being there to read and also the exact English translation from the Latin.

From their earliest childhood, Catholics are taught that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the paramount ceremony and ritual of the Church—so paramount that to miss Mass on Sundays and holy days is a mortal sin. That Catholics do not understand the meaning of the Holy Sacrifice is a new spiritual disease in the Church. He (Mr. Wheaton) must find another cause to which to attribute the infidelity of some Catholics to their holy religion.

Many Catholics do not use prayer-books for the same reason that I do not (except the Missal at certain parts of the Mass, as there are some parts that change each day), because they know their Mass prayers by heart; and it is much more inspiring while we pray, to keep our eyes upon the altar, than our noses buried in a book.

I would suggest to Mr. Wheaton that there are other causes that make renegades—namely, some hidden sin in their lives, or intellectual pride, or non-conformity with religious duties prescribed by the Church. I have never met a renegade that upon a closer knowledge of his life I did not find some sin which he would not give up, that killed the grace of God in his heart.

Again, Mr. Wheaton shows his profound ignorance of Catholics. He says we do no reading, nor spiritual study, except on Sunday when we hear, if we do hear, the sermon. There are Catholic study groups in church history, doctrine, practices, traditions, etc., all over the world. There are numerous Catholic publications read by millions of Catholics.

I beg that THE COMMONWEAL will do me the favor to publish this refutation of Mr. Wheaton's statements, as they are the assertions that Protestant bigots make against us.

If Mr. Wheaton is a sincere Catholic, he will find one of the sins against charity is to judge others. And if he is a sincere Catholic some time longer, he will find that he talked and wrote about that of which he had not full knowledge, as God alone knows the heart. And when he becomes more intimate with his fellow Catholics, he will find implanted in their hearts and minds a knowledge of their holy religion that a convert could not at first grasp.

IRENE JOHNSON BOLLING.

SUBSTANCE AND ACCIDENTS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I have followed the discussion on substance and accidents thus far with very mingled feelings. My predominant emotion is unbounded disappointment at such display of want of knowledge in high places. I almost despair of the revival of philosophy in our midst. One lesson, however, has been clearly taught us: that Scholasticism is apparently as little known as the language in which men first began to ask the reasons of things. The surprise of surprises to me is that anyone could quarrel with the presentation of the case for Scholasticism as given by Neo-Scholasticus. I venture to say it could not be improved on, either for fidelity or for clarity. If his be not the true presentation, then I must read my course over again. What I had been waiting for was something quite different—a rebuttal of the reasons advanced by Neo-Scholasticus against the doctrine itself. None has been vouchsafed, and I prophesy none will be, or if any be volunteered, it will prove invalid and abortive.

Why all the nonsense about the word, "immaterial"? Have the dissenting gentlemen never heard of "discrete" substances? Do they not know that Scholastics do hold a substance midway between spirit and matter, a substance that is non-concrete and non-abstract, a physical thing which exists not separately, as Neo-Scholasticus says, but in union with its accidents. Paradoxical as this may appear, it is saying much less, very much less indeed, than what Father Donnelly has said, that "concrete, individuated substances and accidents do exist." "Concrete, individuated substances and accidents" is pure, undiluted nonsense.

I disagree with Mr. McMahon when he finds fault with the editor for broadcasting this subject. I hold, on the contrary, that he has done a national service in the cause of philosophy. There are more laymen interested in philosophy than Mr. McMahon seems to think. I, for one, am indebted both to the editor and to Neo-Scholasticus.

THOMAS O'BRIEN.

The title page and index for Volume XIII of THE COMMONWEAL *are now ready, and will be sent upon request.*

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Pulitzer Award

THE PULITZER PRIZE play for this year has been announced. It is "Alison's House" by Susan Glaspell, and was first produced by Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre last December. This play received a rather mixed critical reception, David Carb, the discerning critic of *Vogue,* being one of the few to find real delight in its tender and elusive power. It also received a warm recommendation from the Paulist radio hour devoted to current plays. But the majority of the newspaper critics spoke of it as a play with a good idea which failed to receive adequate dramatic treatment. It is hardly surprising, then, that the announcement of the Pulitzer award should have brought a mild roar of protest from the newspaper critical fraternity. Some feel that Philip Barry's play of successfully concealed adultery, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," should have captured the prize. Others incline to Mr. Weitzenkorn's hot fury against the tabloids, as expressed in "Five Star Final." A few remember the rough and earthy pioneer honesty of "Green Grow the Lilacs." But not one, so far as I have read, approves the choice of "Alison's House."

It happens that "Green Grow the Lilacs" is the only play which I have specifically mentioned as a candidate for the Pulitzer honors. But I have long had a very special place set aside for "Alison's House," and it seems to me that if ever the Pulitzer committee has shown courage, independence and discernment, it is in making their decision this year. At the time the play was first produced, I wrote: "Once more Miss Le Gallienne has placed the whole American theatre in her debt. Susan Glaspell's play . . . is rare as a work of art, rare as a search into the sensitive souls of a group of people living somewhat apart from the humdrum world, and rare, above all, for its success in creating, by a hundred small allusions and situations, the portrait of an off-stage character which glows with life and an almost ghostly presence. . . . The play is easily one of the most distinguished bits of dramatic writing that the theatre has seen for many a day . . . a play which, in performance and in writing and in mood, far excels any modern play produced this year." Having felt this way about "Alison's House" from the first, I can hardly take exception to the fact that the Pulitzer judges obviously share the same feeling!

But there is something more to their decision—something more significant of a changing mood in art itself—than the mere liking or disliking of Miss Glaspell's work. It is the central idea of the play which commands respect, an idea quite revolutionary from the smug viewpoint of Broadway sophistication. It is all expressed in the curious power which Alison Stanhope achieves long after her death. She was a woman who loved, but because the man she loved was married to another, had the strength to deny that love. In this heroic denial she planted the seeds of her own greatness, of her power over the twisted lives of others, of her spiritual strength as a poetess. As I said in my first review, through the heroism of her one great sacrifice, she projected some living part of herself into the life of each and every character in the play. Although she has been dead nearly twenty years at the time the play opens, she dominates, as only heroic love can dominate, the ideals, the thoughts and the actions of all who have remained in the homestead. This idea that we can grow and become great through the denial of what seems to us as wrong, no matter how enthralling or beguiling it may be, is the very antithesis of the modern creed summed up in the

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phrase, "living one's own life." Alison's story is the triumphant answer to the glorification of weakness and treachery expressed in Philip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." It is, in fact, a ringing and revolutionary challenge to all the Narcissistic self-worship, all the irresponsibility, all the stupendous egotism and all the unchained eroticism which modern life has set up as its all too easily achieved ideal.

This central idea, however, is not the one which most of the critics mentioned when they described the play as "a good idea poorly dramatized." They referred chiefly—if we take their own words as evidence—to the idea for a play in which the living would be dominated by the dead. The deeper and more mystical idea, giving the only explanation of why the dead poetess could dominate the living, apparently went begging unrecognized. Or, if it was recognized subconsciously, it was never brought to light, possibly for the very reason that it runs so counter to all the thoughts and muddled standards and spurious psychology of the day.

This gives us all the more reason for applauding the discernment and the independent courage of the Pulitzer judges. They have not only selected a play that was unpopular with the critics, and so established their independence on purely dramatic grounds, but they have also given recognition to the champion of an unpopular but stunningly true idea. They have struck at the very center of sophistication, and struck magnificently. Whether one agrees with their decision or not, Miss Le Gallienne and her entire company, who brought the play so tenderly and devotedly to life, should come in for resounding congratulations. But if one also happens to find the play itself a thing of power and beauty and courage, then congratulations should pierce deeper and become a sincere and heartfelt tribute. It is good to know that the play is to be given currently in an uptown theatre, and later sent on a tour of the leading cities. Let me repeat once more, that Miss Le Gallienne has placed the whole American theatre in her debt.

The Mikado Brilliantly Revived

IF THE current production of the "Mikado" is any fair example of what we can expect from Milton Aborn's further Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, then his little season at popular prices (the top price being $2.00) is something for joy and thanksgiving in this languid springtime.

Scenically and in direction, this "Mikado" cannot be compared to the pastel sunset edition furnished some time ago by Winthrop Ames. But vocally, and in the acting of individual parts, it is the best in a long, long series of revivals I have sat through.

We have the incomparable Danforth as the Mikado, Howard Marsh as Nanki-Poo, Frank Moulan as Ko-Ko, Herbert Watrous as Pooh-Bah, and William C. Gordon as Pish-Tush, with a splendid Katisha by Vera Ross—in brief, the best of Ames with the best from all others. But the crown of the evening goes to that exquisitely graceful little Japanese girl, Hizi Koyke, who sheds an entirely new illumination over the part of Yum-Yum. Merely to see the perfection of her movements and gestures is to realize what true technique means in the management of costume. It is also an aesthetic delight. She adds to this an agreeable voice, a clear diction and great beauty of phrasing both in song and speech. To cap it all, she exhibits an impish humor and has the ability to establish a perfect rapport with her audience.

It would be a serious mistake for anyone not to see this wholly captivating revival in the one week remaining before "Pinafore" takes its place. (At Erlanger's Theatre.)

BOOKS

Contemporary Gloom

Since Then, by Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

THOUGH a good many books have been written about the deplorable condition of the world since the armistice of 1918, none of them approaches this of Sir Philip Gibbs in power and force; and, it is not too much to say, in terror. If we are to take him at his word, without any counterbalancing considerations, the four years of war were as nothing compared with the twelve terrible years of "peace." He does not say this but his story is one of almost continuous riot, revolution, massacre and murder. He does not say that civilization is coming to an end, but that thought is suggested to the reader and Gibbs himself helps it along when he says:

"Looking back upon the history of the last twelve years—all that turmoil of passion and cruelty, all that narrative of folly and wickedness, the damned stupidity of so much of it, the intolerance, the hatred, the lack of mercy among men—it is hard to believe that human society may be controlled by intelligence, or that the beast in us may be tamed."

What makes the picture more terrific is that Gibbs includes every country in the world in it. But it is at this very point that reason begins to part company with Gibbs. England and the United States, for instance, have had an uncomfortable time of it since 1918, but it takes some very vigorous painting to line them up with the scenes of massacre in Russia, Armenia, Greece and Hungary. The truth is that ever since the war Sir Philip has been a too-determined pessimist. He is able to produce a chapter of grisly facts entitled "The Mutilation of Hungary," but there has been no mutilation of Hungary's former partner, Austria. In his determined pessimism Sir Philip writes of that country:

"Outwardly even then there was a kind of 'gaiety' in Vienna, more horrible than misery. The vultures had come to feed on the corpse of Austria. Vienna was thronged with 'profiteers,' financiers who were making money by gambling with international exchanges, foreign adventurers who lived riotously on the worthless paper money, crowding the restaurants and drinking halls, 'standing treat' to young Austrian girls who came to these places for a little warmth and the chance of food—one had to pity them."

All this does not sound very nice. But suppose the same story were being written by an optimist, not a pessimist. He would recite the same facts that Sir Philip Gibbs does, but his tone would be different. He would say that while Austria, like other countries, had to undergo some hard times, the dominant note was gaiety, that at least somebody had money to spend, and that soup kitchens and night clubs were cheek by jowl. That has happened often, in many places, and nowhere has it meant a reign of terror. There are bread lines and cabarets in the United States today, but we are a long way from being ruled by Marat or making a commonplace of September massacres.

There is no need to foresee a downfall of civilization. This sort of thing has occurred over and over again in the world's history. Whenever there has been a great war there has been a long period of readjustment, during which a good part of the human race has got out of hand and there has been bloodshed, governmental overturn and the devil to pay generally. It would be rather foolish to expect that such a convulsion as the World War would be an exception; that everybody would

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settle down to amicable and sensible conditions the moment the Treaty of Versailles was signed. There have been twelve bad years, extremely bad in some places and not so bad in others, and as usual the world will right itself in time.

In proving that the debacle has been general, Sir Philip has been obliged to overemphasize matters of little importance. He is exclamatory, for instance, about the monkey trial in Dayton. To anybody keeping his head, that unimportant occurrence might have happened at any time since the American Revolution; it did not take the aftermath of the World War to produce it. Dayton is described as "a community of primitive Protestants," but the verdict would have had to be the same if the trial had taken place in a cultured metropolis. Tennessee had a law against the teaching of evolution, and Scopes, a teacher, broke it. There was nothing to do but indict him, and on the witness stand he testified that he had broken the law. What was there to do but convict him? What difference did it make whether the spectators were "primitive Protestants" or college professors? This unevenness, when you come to analyze it, defeats the pessimism of Gibb's book and inclines one to believe that civilization is no nearer its end in the modern world than it was in England after the general destruction produced by the Wars of the Roses. There is as little reason for believing in it as there was after the social convulsion produced throughout Europe by what followed the Reformation.

In certain countries Sir Philip Gibbs has no difficulty in showing that the misnamed peace which followed Versailles produced more horrible results than the four years of war. Russia, for example, relapsed into simple anarchy of the cruelest kind, in which there was nothing to choose between the savagery of the Soviets and that of the White Armies. Gibbs is particularly effective in showing that the various revolutions did no good.

"In Hungary," he says, "as in Russia, there was no nobility of leadership on behalf of the people, none of that warm human fervor for individual liberty and happiness, for fine ethical ideals, for some vision of brotherhood and equality of reward, for the raising of humanity itself, which inspired the French Revolution in its first impulses, despite all its later horrors." The description of the horrors committeed in Hungary under Bela Kun is frightful, but a little more emphasis might be given to the fact that this was short and that most of the time since the war Hungary has been ruled peacefully enough by Admiral Horthy. The most memorable part of what he says about Horthy is his dramatic description of the bloody reprisals said to have been taken on the Communists by Hungarian officers on the night the admiral became dictator. Strong as this book is, what disfigures it is its lack of proportion.

There is plenty of material for tales of terror, and in the countries where massacre was the order of the day Sir Philip tells them like a master. But when the bloodshed ceases his interest wanes. He raises the hair on your head by telling what the terrible Turks did, but shows no interest in the peaceful Turkey well-governed for so many years by Mustapha Kemal.

Of course the misdeeds were not solely those of mobs, as in Hungary, or of savage armies as in Russia. Sometimes they were the blunders of the government. Of these probably the most stupid was the determination of France for several years to make Germany pay impossible sums and keep her too poor to pay anything. Gibbs believes that this double-barrelled realism nearly destroyed Europe. His summing up of it is admirable:

"The French people wanted to keep Germany weak. *Très bien!* But they also wanted Germany to pay a vast tribute in

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NEXT WEEK

"Year after year the ultimate figures expressed in terms of broken bodies, deranged minds, orphaned children and millions of dollars for hospitals, training and compensation, have been mounting to new heights," says Joseph Conrad Fehr in WAR LIABILITIES, and gives a general survey of what these things are in the United States and of the government's difficult problem in dealing with them justly. . . . PAX GALLICA, by H. A. Jules-Bois, is a most eloquent expression of the fundamental philosophy underlying the efforts to unite the countries of Europe, and ultimately of the world, in fraternal coöperation without loss of their individuality. Written by an eminent psychologist who has lived in practically every country in the world, both in the Orient and the Occident, this paper bares the essential acts of intelligence if nations, as well as individuals, are to follow the exhortations, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.". . . RESUSCITATION OF THOMAS PAINE, by Elizabeth S. Kite, is a fascinating reflection on the paradoxical achievement of a fiery liberal and a recalling of incidents in his extraordinary life as a revolutionist. . . . A WEST HIGHLAND CONCERT, by L. A. G. Strong is a literary treat, a sort of hors d'oeuvre, nothing very filling but tasty and most enjoyable, with the touch of the fantastic that distinguishes a work of art. . . . PRAY FOR US LIBRARIANS, by J. Thomas Corcoran, C. PP. S., which was held over from last week, suggests a patron saint for librarians, the reasons for his special fitness, and the perils from which he may save his clients. . . . BED, by Dorothy Day, tells tenderly, understandingly and amusingly of those last hours in a child's life when the end of a day is imminent, and the urge to life and more abundant life struggles valiantly against the encroachment of oblivion.

reparations for all the damage of war, which could only be paid—to the Allies as well as to France—if the German people became strong again as a great industrial machine whose products would invade the markets of the world. Those two ideas were incompatible, and in trying to achieve both of them France dragged Europe down almost to ruin."

For the Russian persecutions Gibbs interestingly absolves the celebrated Russian leaders whom most people blame for them as a matter of course—Lenin, Tchitcherin, Radek and the rest. According to him, they approved the terror but were not particularly interested in it. Lenin "had other things to think about. He was arranging a new order of human society. He was tearing up the history of mankind and starting afresh." Tchitcherin "had left that butchers' work to butchers"; he "had turned his mind away from that side of the picture"; he "was interested only in the theoretical side of Communism and its influence upon the mentality of other peoples." The terror, Gibbs says, did not hit the aristocracy (which had already fled the country) but the bourgeoisie, which had stayed too long and was caught without chance of escape.

The trouble with England, as one reads Gibbs, is that the country has lost its efficiency. "The steel has gone out of its temper, for a time." However, that has been said about England before in the course of history. On that subject it might be better to take the judgment of somebody other than an Englishman.

He denies that the Fascist state is only a dictatorship and says, "It is a new type of government and a new order of political and economic life." Germany, starting off with riot overcome by the efficient brutality of Noske, was saved by "the instinct of industry in the very blood and spirit of the people." Throughout the book, where one agrees with Gibbs and where one disagrees with him, it is solidly satisfying that he never writes as a theorist or a propagandist, but always as a man of convictions based on experience.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Casement through a Mist

Traitor or Patriot: The Life and Death of Roger Casement, by Denis Gwynn. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Incorporated. $3.50.

MODERN history offers no figure more tragic than that of Roger David Casement. Three episodes make up his life story. The first was his campaign against Leopold, King of the Belgians, and his rubber and ivory hunters in the Congo. Casement, at imminent risk of his life, secured the evidence of greed and cruelty, which, when published by the English government, brought the execration of the world on the Belgians, but secured some measure of justice for the helpless natives of equatorial Africa. His next campaign was in equatorial America, where the atrocities of the rubber hunters were on a scale equally atrocious with those in Africa. Casement reported the crimes against the Indians in the Putumayo to the English government, with no results for a time except a little polite wrist-slapping between English and Peruvian diplomats. A second visit to Putumayo enabled him to expose the insincerity of the Peruvian authorities, and then, through the good offices of the Taft administration, he saved the natives, though the criminals whose crimes reeked to heaven, escaped. His third campaign was for Ireland. After twenty years of travail in the fever-infested lands along the Congo and the Amazon, he returned, with the honors of knighthood to his own people in Antrim, broken in health but still aflame for justice.

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Ireland just then was voicing its plea in the Sinn Fein movement. This plea struck Casement as being in essentials nothing more than he had asked for the blacks and the Indians. With the same disregard for personal consequences that had marked his entire career, he now turned his attention to a third government, the English. This time he lost. The forfeit was his life.

Were Casement's place in history to be decided by his activities, in Africa and America, he would hold high rank in England's official roll of honor, and he would be classed as one of the heroes of humanitarianism. Is he to be consigned to shame for his activities against the English government in Ireland? The verdict will depend on how he is judged for his relations with the German government, and how the charges against his private character by the English Cabinet will be estimated. This book offers no basis for an answer in either case.

A comparison of the statements found here regarding Casement's activities in Germany, with what Mr. T. St. John Gaffney has to say in his recent volume, "Breaking the Silence," proves that Gwynn was entirely unprepared to discuss the matter. Mr. Gaffney speaks from personal knowledge, and in his concise and pointed narrative he includes a facsimile of the Findlay letter, which is the key to the whole situation. As to the attack made on Casement's character after the forfeit of his life had been claimed, Gwynn is unable to say anything decisive. Access to the documents on which the charges rest, said to be in possession of Scotland Yard, was denied him even by J. R. Clynes, the Home Secretary in the Labor Cabinet. The Earl of Birkenhead, the "Galloper Smith" of the Carson revolt, was the Attorney-General who procured the sentence of Casement, but in his book, "Famous Trials of History," in which he modestly describes his own exploits, he refrained from even referring to the accusations which the Asquith Cabinet circulated against the unfortunate victim of their wrath. Gwynn suggests a theory as to the origin of the documents, on which the dastardly charges were based. If his conjecture is correct, the use of these documents for such a purpose was vile to the degree that it could not be excused even on the ground of war panic.

A life of Roger Casement opens up many delicate questions. It is doubtful whether Denis Gwynn was equal to such a task, demanding as it does sound technical training and courage and conviction.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

I Remember

The Path through the Wood, by J. Lewis May. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

THE CLEAR, bright, undying light, which Walter Bagehot says "borders the edges of infancy," is clearer and brighter in Mr. May's consciousness than in the consciousness of most men and women. Apparently he has never forgotten anything that ever happened to him; and his readers can only regret that his recollections include so little that is of value. His aunts, his grand-aunts, his "Uncle Eusebius" (that name would stick), his early surroundings, the furniture and table-cloths with which he was familiar, the things he had to eat, and the places where he ate them, the grotesque faces his brother used to make at prayers, the time he bit his little cousin in bed—all these memories are evoked with affectionate minuteness. He is by way of thinking that no one can really love any bit of town or country he has not known and loved in childhood; but this is probably because he looked when very young upon the green lanes of Devon, the sea churning whitely in an old harbor, the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. There are some of us who never

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saw a really lovable spot until we were half-grown. But when we did see it, there was a sense of certainty in our hearts.

When Mr. May leaves infancy behind him, and grows—very slowly—into boyhood and manhood, his sketches acquire more color and substance. Perhaps the best is of an unhappy gentleman—a mechanical genius—who always dined with his father on New Year's Day. This ill-fated prodigy could apparently make everything, which was perhaps the reason why he made nothing well. He even manufactured a set of false teeth for his own use and benefit; and committed suicide rather than wear them, which was not altogether surprising. There is also an excellent description of a schoolmaster whom the author calls Lentulus, who would never agree with any statement made in his presence. No matter how insignificant the assertion, no matter how reasonable the opinion, no matter how invulnerable the fact, Lentulus would deny them all. Mr. May professes an affectionate regard for this pedagog; but it is a sentiment his readers do not share. We have all known such people in our lifetimes; and we remember that Walter Pater refused to travel on the Continent with so brilliant a scholar as Mark Pattison, because "Pattison would say the steamboat wasn't a steamboat, and Calais wasn't Calais."

"The Path through the Wood" is a beautiful piece of bookmaking; well bound, well printed, well margined; but a trifle too large for easy handling.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Conrad the Slav

The Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad, by Gustaf Morf. New York: Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $2.50.

THE THING that I most expressly remember about my first youthful reading of Conrad is that I found him difficult; and this difficulty remained more or less through the years until I went to Poland and lived there for some time. Among my acquaintances there was Conrad's cousin, Aniela Zagórska, the translator of his writings into Polish. It was through talking with her first of all that I found what was for me the key to him. I knew then, as I grew to know more and more, that Conrad, whatever his position in English letters and whatever magic he worked with the English language, remained always a Pole. This is Dr. Morf's thesis, and he proves it conclusively.

He traced through the story of Conrad's parents, his boyhood and his manhood, the unbroken thread of Polish influence which made Conrad what he was. Following this with detailed analytical studies of "Lord Jim" and "Nostromo," and with more general studies of other Conrad novels, Dr. Morf builds up what appears to be an invincible argument proving that the whole basic texture of the literary Conrad is woven of Slavic material. Any reader of Conrad who attends in even small measure to the spirit of the novelist's pages knows that there comes from every line he writes a feeling, an almost incommunicable sense, of hidden pressure. No other writer in English tempts the reader as Conrad does to reach in behind the printed page in search of something palpable, something moving and alive. It is this apprehension of fluent substance back of the word that makes Conrad fascinating. That substance is the Polish soul of the author. It is at times almost like what the spiritualists call an ectoplasm.

Dr. Morf's study is outrightly psychoanalytical; and it may be, perhaps, that at times he overdoes as Freudians are inclined to do, in searching for proof of his theories: not every item of his evidence seems important or entirely significant. But on the whole he keeps nicely within the bounds of the reasonable, and

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his total effect is convincing. That Conrad the Pole was, as all Poles are, Eastern at core he shows conclusively. To understand Poland and the Poles it is necessary to recognize this fact. It explains the intuitive, the "identifying," nature of these people and their strange penetrative sensitivity to what Dr. Morf aptly calls "the inexplicable impulse." Conrad the Pole, he tells us truly, knew, and knew by intuition, "that intuition can open gates at which thinking (and judging) knocks in vain, gates of inner knowledge, gates to the hearts of men." This indubitably is the Conrad secret. It is a Slavic secret, based on Conrad's Polish heritage.

Readers of this book, coming to know a little more than has ever been told before of the mystery of Joseph Conrad—which will always remain in large part a mystery—will not be surprised to learn that the novelist, English author and British citizen though he was, cherished to his dying day an inextinguishable love, a suppressed nostalgia, for his native land. I knew this. In a letter which Conrad wrote to me in 1923, he said: "You will understand that often I feel cast down when I think of that country's precarious position. A lonely outpost—in the night full of menace to the hard-won civilization of Europe. A hard fate, but whatever happens you at least will know that they have been equal to it." When Conrad wrote me this I knew, in a kind of inarticulated way, all that Dr. Morf now tells us. He tells it clearly and understandably and convincingly. His book is invaluable to students of Conrad.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

A Man in Honduras

The Incredible Yanqui, by Hermann B. Deutsch. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

TO HONDURAS, because he was debarred from railroad service in his own country, went the American locomotive engineer, Lee Christmas, "the Incredible Yanqui" of Mr. Deutsch's book. Christmas was not a soldier—indeed his knowledge of the use of fireams was sadly limited—but the one-horse railroad over which he ran a wheezy engine was an important part of certain strategic plans. Involuntarily he was thrown into a rôle which he soon played with a reckless daring and astuteness that made him a personage to be reckoned with in Tegucigalpa, Washington and Wall Street. And more to him than to anyone else was due the failure of the Paredas-Knox treaty in which the house of Morgan had placed such high hopes. With such a career it was almost inevitable that many exaggerations and myths should cling to the story of his life. To strip the real from the unreal is the task which Mr. Deutsch has set himself and, although he has made Christmas a flesh and blood creature, it must be noted that here truth outglamors fiction. From the moment that Christmas erected his barricade of ice blocks in a sweltering jungle to defend Laguna Trestle, he was always in the midst of crowded and fantastic events.

The author has done an excellent piece of work. With such a theme it would be difficult not to write a book of fascination, yet he is to be particularly praised because he has at no time sought to embellish. Christmas is never touched up. Idolized as he may have been on certain occasions by the Hondureans, Mr. Deutsch makes no attempt to disguise the feet of clay. Thus the erstwhile engineer blusters through the pages, prodigal in spending, faithless to wives one, two and three, vainglorious yet a simple-minded visionary, arrogant at his zenith and incredulous that fate, once so auspicious, could so easily bring him back to the poverty and obscurity from which he emerged.

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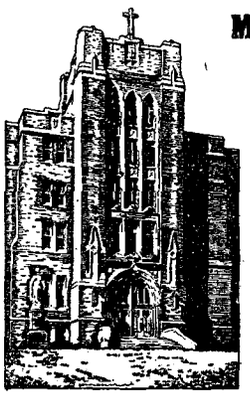

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Briefer Mention

The Hostages, by Naomi Mitchison. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

EVEN a reader unequipped to comment on the scholarly detail in Mrs. Mitchison's historic fiction, must feel that it is much more satisfactory as fiction than as history. A highly gifted story-teller, she knows how to utilize all the materials that research or imagination can supply, to interest, even to fascinate. But her psychological formula consists simply in treating ancient men or mediaeval men as if they were modern men, of varying degrees of sensitiveness or villainy. This approach, once it is detected, tends to become monotonous; a deeper criticism is that it robs the term "universal" of any real meaning. Not until the differences wrought by differing traditions and civilizations are seen to be so truly abysmal that the very organic moral structure of man is often involved in them, does the common essence of humanity become the matter for a revelation. There is more comprehension of this in, for example, Sienkiewicz's single characterization of Vinicius, than in all of Mrs. Mitchison's books put together. The present selection (titled from her best short story) has been made from a number of those books; the stories are arranged chronologically and cemented with explanatory essays, to provide the younger reader a sort of narrative gloss, or running comment, on European history. The essays vary very considerably in merit. A representative low point is the explanation of the process whereby "the saints had just changed places and attributes with the old gods."

Green Bays: Verses and Parodies, by Q. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.25.

IN THESE verses and parodies, that fine scholarship which has been brought to bear with justice and delicacy on literature's more formal aspects, asserts itself in the levity born of familiarity, which in a less exactly balanced intelligence results in monstrousness for lack of wit. Urbane and civilized, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is here found indulging in what, in scholars, is equivalent to school-boy horse-play. In his exuberance, he has his madness, and that madness manifests itself in a surprising familiarity with familiar things in unfamiliar relationships. Indeed, nothing that one can readily call to mind suggests so intricately confused or so hilarious an insanity as "The Famous Ballad of the Jubilee Cup."

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